

The

RED AND WHITE

r373
M287
Sherman Room
Local History



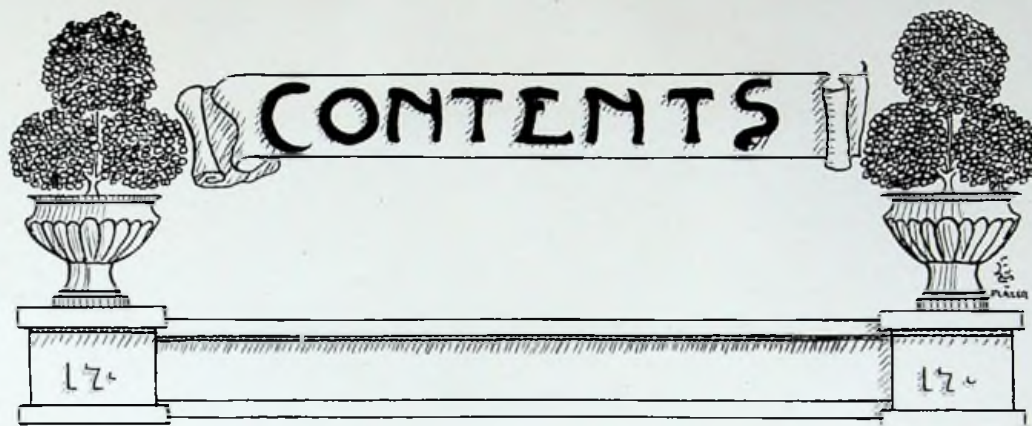


The Red and White

TO JESS B. BEER

Our Honored Instructor and Faithful Friend, the Class of 1917
Most Affectionately Dedicated the First Volume of The Red
and White.





Staff	8
Editorials	10
Faculty Poem	11
Faculty	12
Seniors	15
Senior Class History	41
Senior Class Prophecy	42
Senior Poem	45
Juniors	46
Sophomores	50
Freshman	54
Literature	59
Society Happenings	72
Athletics	75
Music Pictures	86
Grinds	92

THE STAFF

Corinne Douglass.....	Editor in Chief
Grace Kochheiser, ..	Literary Editor
Mary Brinkerhoff	Photo Editor
Lawrence Bergstrom.....	Ass't. Photo Editor
Robert Upson	Athletic Editor
Efflo Plaxer	Ari Editor
Maurice Wells	Joke Editor
Paul Maxwell	Joke Editor
Robert Remy	Business Manager
Ralph Allenbaugh	Ass't. Business Manager



EDITORIALS

Another year has slipped by and once more the Annual—ah—not the Annual but “The Red and White” makes its appearance to witness the departure of the Seniors from that dear old school we all love so well.

Many of us may never meet again, but ever will we be joined by a firm and lasting band, that of Friendship. Thus, if, as time rolls on the contents of this volume may recall to your minds a few pleasant recollections of your life at M. H. S. we, who have edited “The Red and White” will not feel our labors were all for naught.

Oh, the joys and pleasures of a Staff consisting of a fine display of nervous chills, chattering teeth and furrowed brows with a hand wringing exhibition on the side? All these feats could have been witnessed free of charge by simply glancing at one of those fated beings of the Staff.

Such a stupendous task none of us had ever undertaken before and few know better than we ourselves of the blunders within these pages, but we beg you, be blind to our errors and overlook our faults. Life itself is made up of mistakes. We have tried and done our best.

How can we express our appreciation to those teachers and advertisers who have made this publication possible. Much we owe them, and very much we wish to thank them.

Several new teachers were added to the faculty this year, Miss Schmidt, Mr. Ward, Miss Shires and Mr. Lloyd. They have all proven their ability as teachers.

We all pride ourselves as being true Americans. We are living in a history making age, will we prove that we are true Americans? As we go forth into life let us keep before us some ideal after which we may pattern our lives: “Hitch your wagon to a star” is an old but very worthy quotation and should apply to the life of everyone. Let us, however, not think only of our own welfare. There are others in this world beside ourselves, many who often need a helping hand to guide them over some of the rough places in life. So often those who are ascending the ladder to the Hall of Fame care not for the ones upon whom they are trampling, in their eagerness to reach their own goal; but that is not the spirit of a true American. This old world is so full of wonderful things awaiting to be done. Let us get busy and do our share in helping make this age the very best in history.

And by the way, isn't it funny so many of the people who knock really couldn't have done a single bit better themselves!! Motto.

FACULTY POEM

A cheer for the teachers of old M. H. S.
Just how much we owe them we never can guess.
Miss Patterson down at the end of the hall,
Miss Ruess who is loved and honored by all.
Miss Brightman, the one whom the Freshies all fear,
And now comes our teacher of Physics, Jess Beer.
Miss Cotton who gives those dread tests of one word,
Miss Jordan of whom we know you've all heard,
Miss Connett so frank, so calmly serene,
Mr. Lloyd, not tall, but exceedingly lean.
Miss Schmidt who tries to make us all mind,
Miss Finrock who shows you how X to find.
Mr. Bauer who teaches one the correct way to write,
And helps you out of many a plight.
Miss Moore so calm, so gentle and dear,
Miss Shires who makes all she teaches quite clear.
Mr. Kaiser, a man of notable worth,
Miss Padgett who squelches all uncalled for mirth,

Miss Aberle, who at the Seniors does rave
And declares in time they'll drive her to the grave.
Muriel who is liked by all in the school,
Mrs. Wagner, one person you really can't fool.
Mr. Ward who works with all his might,
Miss Bowers who thinks every Sophomore just right.
Then Patton, so famous in this M. H. S.,
A coach worth having, now this we confess.
Miss Ort so friendly, our teacher of "Dutch,"
Miss Leonard who teaches us English and such.
Carmine who is capable, honest and true,
Miss Bedgar who loves kindly deeds to do.
Too much about Davis we really can't say,
No matter what's wrong he will surely find a way.
And last, Mr. Helter whom we seldom see,
Exceedingly busy, I'm sure you'll agree.
So, a cheer for the teachers of old M. H. S.
Just how much we owe them we never can guess.

FACULTY

H. H. Helter,	-	-	-	Superintendent of Schools.
G. A. Davis,	-	-	-	Principal of High School.
Jesse Beer	-	-	-	Science.
E. L. Clark,	-	-	-	Science.
H. P. Patton,	-	-	-	Geometry.
T. W. Ward,	-	-	-	Mathematics.
A. N. Carmine,	-	-	-	Commercial.
Wm. Bauer,	-	-	-	Commercial.
F. P. Kaiser,	-	-	-	Commercial.
T. O. Lloyd,	-	-	-	Commercial.
Bertha Ruess,	-	-	-	German.
Elizabeth Ort,	-	-	-	German.
Louise Jordan,	-	-	-	History and German.
Laura Leonard	-	-	-	English.
Mary Connet,	-	-	-	English.
Madge Cotton,	-	-	-	English.
June Shires,	-	-	-	English.
Bertha Patterson,	-	-	-	English, French and Spanish.
Olga Schmidt,	-	-	-	English, History and Civics.
Muriel Aberle,	-	-	-	History.
Mary Aberle,	-	-	-	Elementary Science.
Margaret Padgett,	-	-	-	Study 1.
Maude Wagner,	-	-	-	Study 2.
Kate Moore,	-	-	-	Algebra.
Ruth Finfrock,	-	-	-	Algebra.
Anna Brightman,	-	-	-	Latin.
Marie Bowers,	-	-	-	Latin and Elementary Science.
Mary Bedgar,	-	-	-	Commercial.



OUR FACULTY

PRIZE AWARDS

Senior Story	-	-	-	-	-	-	Clara Fernyak
Junior Story	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Nolan
Sophomore Story	-	-	-	-	-	-	Efflo Eggert
Freshman Story	-	-	-	-	-	-	Katherine Koller
Prize Poem	-	-	-	-	-	-	Efflo Plazer



SENIOR OFFICERS

Ralph McCullough,	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Clara Fernyak	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Mary Keffer	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Lela Tinkey	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Marion Matz	-	-	-	-	-	-	Seargent-at-arms



STELLA MASSA :

Ted is the girl who would rather dance than eat. Isn't happier than when she has a date and certainly is in for all the fun there is going. Strange, but she is very fond of Chicago Junction—I wonder !

"For she's a jolly good fellow."

ETHEL BANKS :

Ethel is rather quiet in the class rooms but has plenty of fun elsewhere. Dotes on dramatics and maybe some day—but then, who knows.

"A maiden never bold."

ROY CRAIG :

Always friendly and in a good humor. Has made one of very best football players. He is just beginning to make goo-goo eyes at the girls.

"Zealous yet modest."

DOYLE PARSONS :

When Doyle entered M. H. S. as a Freshy he was a most energetic fellow, flirting with all the girls in sight. He is now a dignified Senior, but somehow or other his old habits stay by him. Aspires to be an ivory magnate.

"'Tis impious in a good man to be sad."

ADA KLINE :

Ada is just full of life and a good time. Has the loveliest black hair and eyes so that one can hardly blame "him." Can they?

"Happy am I, from care I am free."



MIRIAM KROHN:

If you want to keep on the good side of Mim don't call her "Shorty." She is thought to be very quiet by those who don't her.

"A daughter of the gods divinely tall."

GLENN BIERLY:

Glenn is inclined to be a little conceited at times and to want his own way, but who doesn't. Very earnest and thorough and especially liked by the girls.

"If I will, I will."

MARGARET WHITE:

One may think that Peg can't talk, but just go with her once. A good student and envied because of her curly hair—by the girls, of course.

"She is a good friend to good friends."

ARTIS HICHEL:

Artis never has much to say but when he does say anything it generally amounts to something. Very slow and easy-going, and quite bashful though a Senior.

"There is nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness."

ELVERDA GUINThER:

Athletics are the charm of Elverda's life. Delights in tormenting the teachers and cutting up. Detests study but does a little now and then. A member of the Girls' Glee Club.

"Away with books, let's have some fun."



ADALYN INGMAND:

Addie has a cute little way about her that is most attractive. Since we last heard her heart was still in Ashland, but let us hope for the best.

"A winning way, a pleasant smile."

FRED FREY:

Here is one of the brightest boys in the High School. Very quiet and self-possessed. Not much of a mixer and easily embarrassed but oh, a perfect shark in Physics.

"Still water runs deep."

MABEL STROME:

Could we possibly get along without Mabel? Indeed no. She works in the office and is always pleasant and obliging.

"Promptness is the soul of business."

MARTHA McFARLAND:

Marty is one of our quiet, modest girls. Blushes quite easily, but generally has her lessons well.

"Content thyself to be obscurely good."

ALBERT ERDENBERGER:

We are all sure Albert will make a good business man. He is the one who gives us our dopes and sodas and can be very serious, especially when filling a prescription."

"Toil and be glad, let Industry inspire."



GLADYS LASH:

We could recognize her "shade" by that peculiar little stride of hers. She hopes to pass in Cæsar.

"Then she smoothes the eyelids down
Over those two eyes of brown."

ROY LINDSLEY:

Roy carefully hides his thoughts under a veil of silence, especially in the class room. The fair sex never enter into his plan of things. The result of having been in love once.

"There is might in inches."

RUTH OBERLIN:

Ruth is real pretty and it's hard to tell whether she knows it or not. Hasn't any definite aim in life except having a good time.

"I choose to chat where'er I come."

BERNICE ROPP:

We are not so very well acquainted with Bernice, since she only came here this year. It is said that she is a good student, working hard and conscientiously.

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude."

EFFLO PLAZER:

There isn't much that Doc isn't able to do, from the drawing of cartoons down to eating Marigold chocolates. Always accomplishes what he sets out to do and generally gets his own way in everything. Our Art Editor.

"He knows what's what and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."



DOROTHEA SCHALLER:

A most accommodating, jolly girl. Can be serious if necessity demands and sure is able to make the typewriter sing.

"Oh, the heart is a free and fetterless thing."

ARQUETTE RUST:

One might think from Arquette's name that he is a Frenchman, but we hardly believe it. Works in school only when the spirit moves him, which is quite seldom.

"His only labor was to kill the time."

MARGUERITE MERKEL:

Earl and Pete have passed to those stages which all Seniors hope to attain, but Peg is not lacking in masculine admirers.

"What's the use of worrying, fretting doesn't pay."

PAUL DEWITT:

Here is a fellow whose chief aim in life is to have a good time. Never caught studying—that's not in his line.

"He is wise who does but little."

THERESA LEASURE:

Theresa's non-deplume is Trudel Schmidt because of a part she so cleverly took in a little play. Unlike most of us she is good in the Study Room.

"Shall I not take mine ease."



ETHEL McMEEKEN:

We've heard it whispered around that Ethel has been disappointed in love.

"Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust."

MARGUERITE MATTHES:

Another of the jolly bunch is Marguerite. Giggles, talks, works and is liked by all.

"An ease of heart her every look conveyed."

HOWARD KENT:

Howard is a minister's son but you'd never know it. Inclined to cast sidelong glances at the girls. Quite conceited but well liked by everybody.

"I do not like this fooling."

CONNIE GILKISON:

Connie has tried to graduate a couple of times and believes he will make it this year. Takes his own happy time to do anything for Connie and work fell out a long time ago.

"We might be better if we would,
But it's often lonely being good."

WINONA LATTEBER:

Winnie likes to have a good time and is popular, especially with the Junior boys. Is studious in her classes but in for all the fun going.

"Thou seemest to enjoy life."



MARGERY YINGLING :

Do you know Marg? Why, of course, we knew you did. Isn't she pretty though!

"Or light, or dark, or short, or tall,
She sets a spring to snare them all."

ROBERT REMY :

Bob is a steady, conscientious worker. He is reserved and quiet and always busy, that is one of the reasons why he was made Business Manager of The Red and White. He has taken a prominent part in athletic events, such as wrestling with Latin, defeating Geometry, etc.

"Do that which you can do well."

HENRIETTA SHAFER:

A quiet girl of the Quaker type who is said to be in love.

"Little said is easiest mended."

RUTH PULVER:

Ruth is a steady, earnest worker. Keeps most of her plans and ideas to herself, but is a jolly good friend for a' that.

"Doing right never hurt anybody."

PAUL THOMAS:

Paul is quite a musician and is a member of the M. H. S. orchestra. Likes to talk to the girls and translate Virgil.

"He lives in peace within himself content."



LELA TINKEY:

Take one teaspoonful of jolly gayety, an ounce or so of talk, plenty of "pep" but not too much mustard. Mix these ingredients together and you have Tinkey.

"For there's happiness as well as care."



KARL UHLICH:

"Red" is inclined to be rather silly at times. Always happy if tormenting someone and takes life as it comes. Could accomplish much if he would take the trouble.

"Why worry?"



MIRIAM MILLER:

Here is a girl who is endowed with that quality longed for by many but only attained by few, "Common Sense." Miriam is always ready and willing to do her share of work and is a classmate worth having.

"She was a modest one."



LOIS JESSON:

Lois has a great desire to be before the public eye as much as possible. Quite a pianist and enjoys a good time as much as anybody.

"She will succeed for she believes all she says."



ROBERT UPSON:

Bob is most too busy getting ready for Princeton to take the time to smile upon the fairer sex, but a glance slips by every now and then. Was the able captain of the football team and is well liked by everybody. Our Athletic Editor.

"Nothing is impossible to diligence and skill."



ETHEL FINNEY:

Ethel is one of our office girls and is just chuck full of business. Is a jolly good friend and lovely to everybody.

"She hath a kindly spirit and a friendly air."

STERLING AYERS:

Nothing on earth could inveigle Ayersy to hurry along except, perhaps, a tennis racket and a ball. He was one of our mandolin club boys and there was "music in the air" when Buddy was around.

"Since I became a man I have put away foolish things."

CORINNE DOUGLASS:

According to one of the faculty "Timmy" would be "almost a model girl" if she did not take such delight in causing a disturbance in the report room. We're terribly concerned for fear she'll flunk. A most efficient editor-in-chief.

"To do a task with all your might
Is the way to get it done."

MARION MATZ:

"Matzy" was this year's basket-ball captain and all know that he filled his position well.

"He was a wight of high renown."

MARY BRINKERHOFF:

'Pete' or 'Polly' loves everything that is out-of-doors such as athletics, hiking and camping. Real pretty, but land, don't tell we told. She is rather quiet and reserved in a large company, but if on a hike——. Our Snap-shot Editor.

"As true as the fagots are sturdy."



RHEA FRYE:

Rhea is some sport, simply dotes on athletics. Quiet and unassuming and is well liked by all who know her.

"Live while you live."

PAUL POST:

Posty prefers his dates on Saturday night with—— well, we won't say with whom.

"Thy fate is the common fate of all."

MILDRED DIR:

We would hate to see Mildred very cross for her hair has a reddish tint. Is very determined and loves to talk and chatter. We know she is a fine commercial student and pianist.

"What I won't I won't, and there's an end on't."

LAWRENCE BERGSTROM:

"Lau" has had a couple of serious love affairs this year but, it is believed, he has fully recovered. A dandy basket-ball player, but hates study.

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought."

MALVINA McCLELLAN:

It must be against Malvina's creed to create any disorder or trouble for she was never known to do so. Quite a worker and continually in a good humor.

"The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."



CHRISTINE VOLL:

How can we say anything about Christine when she never says anything about anybody. Pretty but oh, so quiet.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

REED WALKER:

Reed is slow and easy-going and is possessed of an uncommon amount of common sense.

"Every inch a man."

BERTHA RAY:

Bertha is quite enthusiastic over basket-ball and you should see her play! Likes to flirt with the fellows.

"A contented mind above all."

PAUL STOODT:

"Stoodty" is the fellow who leaves large numbers of damaged hearts behind when he graduates. Intends to become a surgeon, which accounts for the newly planned addition to the cemetery.

"At twilight I love nature most."

VIOLET COUMEADOW:

What would the office do without Vi? She is always cheerful and gay, very independent and continually talking or chewing gum.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."



DELTA LOGAN:

We have all wondered why Delta is so quiet. Maybe it's because she is love.

"Content to know and be unknown."

EDGAR WYCOFF:

"Ed" is certainly a virtuoso when it comes to reeling out the "charms that soothe the savage breast" from his "Strad." Never says much but makes what he does say count.(?)

"Speak fitly or be silent wisely."

IDA KEGG:

Demure? Well, at least, until one learns to know her. Iky loves music and is the pianist for the Girls' Glee Club. Her chief hobby is neatness.

"We meet thee like a pleasant thought."

SAMUEL ISALY:

Sam has budded forth in these last few years and has become quite a sport. Generally gets what he wants.

"Cares not what they say or may say."

LILLIAN VINSON:

Billy has become quite popular this year, especially with the boys. Has good-looking eyes and knows how to use them. Doesn't study anymore than is necessary.

"There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl."



MARIAN WARNER.

Strange, isn't it, but Johnny likes to talk and especially to the boys, but her heart is unapproachable, we're told, as the key is held by another. Very capable, with lots of patriotism for her class.

"All things done well."

PAUL MAXWELL:

"Weenie" believes in getting all the fun possible out of life. He is constantly "broke," possibly hoarding the shekels for a little cottage in Wooster.

"Never do today what you can do tomorrow."

HELEN MILLER:

Helen is always calm and composed, but when you are well acquainted with her she is good company. Another good student.

"I hate a thing done by halves."

VERA SMYTHE:

Although Vera is quiet she is oh, so bright. Physics problems and Virgil are the delight of her life, but over and above all this she is a friend worth having.

"Learning by study must be won."

CLEM BALLANTINE:

When Clem falls in love he always falls hard, but has been known to recover after each case. He is very industrious, being one of our country lads.

"Oh, Clem, why art thou a boy!"



RACHAEL BRINDLE:

Rachael is a quiet, studious girl who gets her lessons well. It is said she likes the boys. We are from Missouri!

"Silence is one great art of conversation."

KENNETH MANNER:

"Kennie" is very slow and deliberate, but, like the proverbial tortoise, expects to "get there just the same."

"Oh, sleep! It is a gentle thing."

ELSIE COUMEADOW:

Guy is generally having a good time but still keeps up her lessons. Friendly to everybody and therefore well liked.

"Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind."

DEWY HARBAUGH:

A quiet, shy and reserved girl, who is a star commercial student. Dewy always does the right thing at the right time—a great asset.

"Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers."

HARRY MUTH:

Harry dotes on agriculture. That is the coming vocation in these stirring war times.

"By the light of the harvest moon."



LUGARDA DOOLITTLE:

Lugarda is very positive about everything and not the least bit flirty. Bright, smiling and studious.

"Live straight, think straight, act straight."

RALPH McCULLOUGH:

Busy? That's Ralph's middle name. He had the great(?)fortune of being elected Senior President this year. Never starts anything which he doesn't carry out, therefore is one to be depended upon.

"Progress is the law of life."

GRACE KOCHHEISER:

Kochy is slow and deliberate but always gets there in the end. She has fine talent along literary lines and so was chosen Literary Editor this year.

"Good cheer is no hindrance to a good life."

MAURICE WELLS:

The "Senator's" highest ambition is to be a great statesman. Argues continually and sometimes knows what he is talking about. We all feel sure that there is a great future ahead of Maurice.

"O Maurice, what would'st thou do without thy hands!"

KATHERINE BRUMFIELD:

Katherine aspires to be a Prima Donna and shows good indications of succeeding.

"She sang and caroled out so clear
That men and angels rejoice to hear."



LADORIS HUBBS:

LaDoris has been with us for four years but still is not very well known. Her greatest desire after she graduates is to forget her course in Physics, we're told.

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

RAYMOND IMHOFF:

"Immy" was once our greatest track man but old age destroy edhis wind. Gets mysteriously by with his "Phiz" experiments in conjunction with "Gilk."

"Why be sad?"

FLORENCE BEIN:

"Flossy" isn't real crazy about her nickname, but that doesn't seem to make much difference. Whatever she makes up her mind to do she generally does.

"Her heart is in her work."

RHODA CANADAY:

Here is another girl who likes some of the Junior boys. She is talkative, both in classes and out, and likes to tease the fellows.

"Seize the pleasures of the present day."

CLARENCE DARLING:

Clarence likes Latin but not nicknames. He is very precise and decided in his manner and expects to be a great professor some day.

"Better be conceited and know something
Than be humble in ignorance."



TILLIE BARTH :

Tillie's highest ambition is to be a great vocalist but doesn't like to study her lessons any more than is just necessary.

"As merry as the day is long."

RALPH HARBAUGH :

Here is a boy so quiet you don't know he is around. Takes up his time studying and is said to get his lessons well.

"A safe companion and an easy friend."

CLEO WOLFORD :

Cleo always greets you with a smile. She is very bright and well liked.

"If you bring a smiling visage to the glass
You meet a smile."

ARBA HAWK :

Abe is one of our ablest athletes. He is frequently seen in a corner of the hall in a deep discourse with "Peg." He has been known to recite brilliantly for a week at a time in the class room.

"Don't waste time in hurrying,
That's the pace that kills."

ROSE BEAM:

Rose believes in being pleasant and thus won many friends at M. H. S.

"Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven."



MARY AMSBAUGH:

A jolly, friendly girl, not much of a mixer and therefore not very well known. A fine commercial student.
 "Good nature and good sense must ever join."

JOHN FEENY:

John surely should write a book. He is always supplied with such new ideas and facts, so new, in fact, that the teachers do not appreciate them.
 "Good reasons must, of course, give place to better."

MARGARET THORNE:

Pretty, popular, always talking and forever looking out for a good time, that's Peg. Hates study and gets along very well without any.
 "She would talk, ye gods, how she would talk."

CLIFFORD KNARR:

Clifford isn't very big but oh, he has the prettiest, rosy cheeks. Gets rather fluttery around the girls.
 "Let the world slide, let the world go."

BESSY WESLEY:

Bessie is a jolly girl and enjoys a good time. She is some singer and belongs to The Girls' Glee Club.
 "Laugh and the world laughs with you."



HELEN KALLMERTEN:

Wherever you see Helen she is generally having a good time. Another girl with red hair.

"A light heart lives long."

ELVA ZIEMKE:

Music is Elva's fond aspiration. She is a hard, conscientious worker, and we are sure she will make a fine teacher.

"For her heart was in her work."

FRED OHLER:

Fred is very sedate and a credit to the name Senior. Doesn't believe much in dates.

"It matters not how long we live, but how."

CORWIN ENDLY:

"Corny" is one of the wireless men. We expect him to rise to heights of fame some day.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man is the gold, for all that."

DELEE CAMPBELL:

DeLee likes a good time and surely has it, not at her lessons though, of course. Works while she works and has fun when it's time for fun.

"Tho' unassuming she was intelligent."



DOROTHY STANINGER :

Dorothy aspires to be a trained nurse. She will probably join the Red Cross and we will read of her engagement to some poor maimed soldier some day.

"Small people may fill a large place in the world."

VIRGIL DENT :

One of our finest commercial students and a genius in penmanship. A lad fresh from the acres in his Freshman year and still timid and bashful.

"I profess not only talking this:
Let each man do his best."

LOUISE KROMER :

Louise takes life rather seriously. She is an untiring worker.

"She seeketh diligently after knowledge."

RAVELLA STRAUB :

We promised Strauby that we wouldn't mention Bergy in this write-up and we always keep our promises. A good sport and quite popular with the other sex.

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles."

GIRARD KALBFLEISH :

Know "Jerry?" Shh, secret! He imagines he's a heart-smasher: and when it comes to impressing the freshies with his dignity—Ahem !!!

"See, the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums !



ELSIE MILLER:

We don't know Elsie very well even if she has been with us for four years. She is quiet and self-possessed and a good commercial pupil.

"Feeling is deep and still."

RUSSEL BROOKS:

Russel is one of our country lads, who is still bashful. Works with a will when he works.

"It is a wise head that makes the still tongue."

MARY KEFFER:

Whatever Mary says she means. Dotes on music and is an accomplished violinist. Our Class secretary. Quite popular with the girls and the members of the Faculty.

"There is music in all things if men had ears."

HARLAN BEARD:

We are told that Harlan has great scientific ability. Was never known to work so very hard. A little bashful but likes the girls on the sly.

"He that is slow to wrath is of good understanding."

HELEN VANANTWERP:

Did you ever see Helen root at a basket-ball game?
If not you missed something.

"It's the little things in the world that count."



HELEN SHIVELY:

Helen is very quiet and has the loveliest blond hair and blue eyes. Never known to be greatly excited.

"There's not a wind but whispers thy name."

HAROLD LAMBRIGHT:

Harold just joined our class this year but seems to have made many friends. Likes to be in all the fun going but pays little attention to the girls.

"Men should be what they seem."

HELEN LONGSDORF:

Helen delights in a good game of basket-ball and is always in the thick of the fray.

"Play hard when you play."

LOUISE DICKEY:

Red? Yes her hair is red and according to "Dickey" herself she has a temper to go with it, but this has never been made manifest—on the contrary, her face is generally wearing a smile (except in Virgil class). Nuf sed.

"Be gone, dull Care, thou and I ne'er shall agree."

FANNIE STEWART:

Fannie is one of our newcomers this year and is liked by all. She is a good German scholar."

"Ein lachelnde Antletz."



FRANCES SULLIVAN:

Here is a jolly young maiden who believes in enjoying life. She has a pleasant smile for everybody and, oh, isn't she pretty!

"Always gayest of the gay."

CLARA FERNYAK:

Clara is a jolly, good-natured girl and consequently seems to fit in any place. She has a goodly store of common sense and had the ill luck of being elected Vice President of the Senior Class. Popular with everybody.

"Nor hope to find a friend
Who has not found a friend in thee."

LEONA CARPENTER:

Leona is one of those quiet, calm little girls who can be called upon in an emergency.

"Infinite riches in a little room."

HENRY MOORE:

Here we have the human personification of a match. Many have wondered just how Slats has glided through these four years, but the feat is accomplished. Never happy unless teasing some of the girls.

"My school work keeps me so busy
I seldom have time to study."

GENEVA CRAIG:

Geneva aspires to teach school. She is bright and industrious and likes to study. We wish her joy.

"We can only be valued as we make ourselves valuable."



DORIS LAWRENCE:

Doris has never much to say but her face generally wears a smile.

"The power of gentleness is irresistible."

ROBERT ATTON:

Bob is a trial to all his teachers and is at times inclined to be domineering. He is a flashy dresser and is popular with some of the ladies.

"Looks freshest in the fashion of day."

VERONA TUCKER:

Verona has a shy little way about her that is very taking. Is quite a singer and thus a member of the Girls' Glee Club.

"Patience and gentleness are power."

RUSSEL BLAIR:

Russel hasn't been with us long enough to be so very well known. He is very deliberate about everything but is one to be depended upon.

"Cultured and capable of sober thought."

MERCIEL CAMPBELL:

Merciel is a conscientious worker and as a result will leave with a good record. Quite an accomplished pianist. Hates a joke on herself, but, then, who doesn't.

"And she is fair and fairer than that word."

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

September of the year 1913 saw about two hundred starry-eyed, open-mouthed little Freshies enter this awe-inspiring building. Mr. Davis acted as the kind shepherd to this wandering flock and thus in time our schedules were fixed, our report rooms assigned and gradually, as time wore on, our eyes began to take their natural size, and the gap between our upper and lower lip grew less and with more boldness we withstood the taunts of those dominating Sophs. With less timidity we opened doors in the midst of recitations, only to quickly close them as we discovered our mistake and haughtily to stalk off to try our fate at some other door, with peals of laughter mocking us.

With joyfully important steps we walked back to the old school next year. Several of our former number were absent. They, unfortunately, will never know the pleasures of that year. Foot-ball, basket-ball, track-meet all had their delights. With what joy we now in our hour taunted and teased those poor Freshies. With what dignity we strutted before the visiting Eighth grades. With what authority we bossed the whole school. Our cup was full.

The Junior year brought still more fun and work (?) for us all. With great exaltation we chose our class officers. Robert Atton was elected President and very ably filled his position. A Literary Club was in time organized, which would never have proven the success it did had it not been for the kind leadership of Miss Connet. Then began our social whirl.

Party followed party and, at last, the big event arrived—The Junior-Senior Reception. All the committees worked faithfully and the play, "The Arrival of Kitty," was a decided success. Athletics figured a large part in our lives now and some of the boys of our class were making names for themselves. June came all too soon and it was with regret that we saw our Junior year slip away.

We are Seniors now. Just thing of it. We are the example set before all the other classes. We gave evidence of our intellectuality by electing Ralph McCullough our President. The Annual Staff was next elected and immediately undertook the task set before them. The Class pins were selected, discussed fore and aft, but at last, after several class meetings, adopted. Music had always figured a large part in the lives of Seniors, but upon the departure of our music teacher, Mr. Frost, at the end of our Junior year, there seemed to be no one to carry on the work. But, to our great relief, Miss Leonard and Mr. Carmine came to the rescue, and thus our Music was conducted just as formerly. All too soon June will be upon us, and we must leave our dear old school, proud of the touch of that precious paper in our hand, our diploma. We have worked hard and won.

Ever will we feel ourselves a part of the school we have all learned to love so well, and, as we turn the leaves of Father Time's book and review the history of the Class of '17, we have no fear for the future.

THE FUTURE

Kenneth Manner sez :
"Weather unsettled."

Mansfield, Ohio, March 2, 1927.

Edited by
Margaret Thorne and Ida Kegg.

ACCIDENT AT THE FRONT.

General Kalbfleisch, who was shot in the right leg while leading his army to the front, was driven from the field in an ambulance driven by Paul Maxwell, and is attended by Dr. Kent. He is now improving, under the care of Dorothy Staninger, as nurse.

NEW BANK ESTABLISHED.

A new bank has been established in Mansfield. Paul Post, the Steel Magnet, and Robert Atton, head of the Rubber Works, are the two of the main investors.

BIG WRESTLING MATCH

"Bob" Remy and Raymond Imhoff, heavy weight wrestlers, will compete at the rink tonight for the medal.

Lucas, Mar. 2nd.

(Special to The Future.)

Harland Beard, a fine little hash-slinger at a restaurant here was discharged for hitting Clement Balantine, a reporter, on the head with some butter.

NEW LITERATURE.

Poem by Grace Kochheiser.

The snow is white,
The wind does bite,
Let's blow our kite,
Way out of sight.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Reed Walker, famous aviator, and his assistant, Harold Lambright, will pass over this city tomorrow afternoon in their aeroplane.

Chicago, Mar. 2.

Miss Geneva Craig, famous woman landscape gardener, has just completed plans for the garden of the "La Sarta Hotel," the proprietor of which is Mr. Albert Erdenberger.

EDUCATIONAL.

Cleveland, O., Mar. 1st.

Senator Wells will address an audience tonight at the Terrace on the subject of the Tariff.

A license was granted to Miss LaDoris Hubbs and Ralph Harbaugh. Justice of the Peace, Artis Hichel, officiated.

SUFFRAGE MEETING.

Mary Brinkerhoff - - - Pres.
Violet Coumeadow - - - Sec.

An interesting paper was read by Miss Rhoda Canaday, followed by a talk on "Ideas" by Miss Ethel McMeeken.

The next meeting will be held at Mademoiselle Longdorf's studio, where she has on display her wonderful paintings.

Miss Vere Smythe's Campfire Girls were given an interesting talk by Miss Cleo Wolford on "How to Benefit the City."

COMING MUSICAL ATTRACTION.

Miss Bessie Wesley, famous sopranoist, will give a recital at the Opera House tonight, with Mr. Arquette Rust accompanying.

The Musical Quartetti, consisting of Fannie Stewart, Helen Shively, Verona Tucker and Helen VanAntwerp, will give a program here soon.

Mis Marguerite Merkel has resumed her maiden name, after having divorced her fourth husband.

LATEST NOVEL.

"The Door-a-jar," - - - - By Mary Amsbaugh

COURT NEWS.

Mr. Paul Stoodt was arrested for speeding. Miss Lillian Vinson, his fiancée, was the only other occupant of the car. Judge Feeney fined him Five Dollars and Costs.

Misses Marguerite Mathews and Dorothea Schaller have been chosen as members of the police force.

Harry Muth has been elected Mayor of Hicktown

Cleveland, O., Mar. 1.—Mrs. Henry Moore, nee Ravella Straub, has been granted a divorce from her husband, Henry Moore. Both are prominent in society.

SOCIETY NEWS.

WEDDINGS.

Tinkey-Bierly.—At a quiet ceremony at the home of the bride, Miss Lela Tinkey and Glenn Bierly were married. They have the best wishes of their friends for many years of wedded bliss. Rev. Blair performed the ceremony.

Miss Mable Strome married Count Bergavoniat Philadelphia yesterday and she with her husband, and maid, Bernice Ropp, are sailing for their home in Italy.

Roy Lindsley, the noted scientist, and Miss Margaret White, a chorus girl, eloped yesterday.

DEBUT MADE.

Miss Margery Yingling made her debut at a reception given last evening.

Miss Winona Latterner, a leader of the social set, entertained Gov. Upson and his wife, nee Miss Ruth Oberlin, at a dinner last evening. Among the pleasures of the evening was a solo, given by Miss Ada Kline.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Dent, nee Louise Dickey, have sent out invitations for a dinner bridge.

The engagement of Elverda Guenther and Arba Hawk has just been announced.

COMING AND GOING.

Mr. Clifford Knarr and his wife, who was formerly Miss Henrietta Schaffer, are sailing for Australia, to which place Mr. Knarr has been appointed Ambassador for the U. S.

Samuel Isaly and Paul Thomas, famous discoverer, have returned from the Far North.

Elva Ziemke and her companion, Delta Logan, left today for New York, from which point they will sail around the world.

Clara Fernyak left yesterday for Columbus, where she has been appointed as one of the Faculty of Ohio State University.

Miss Christine Voll is leaving for New York, where she will pose for the artist, Clarence Darling.

Mr. Edgar Wycoff, the golf champion, and his wife, nee Corinne Douglass, left this morning for Florida, where they will spend the winter.

FASHION HINT.

Miss Elsie Coumeadow decrees that sashes and bows (beaux) will again be in vogue.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Miss Ruth Pulver has taken up designing and is now featuring some big models.

The Theater has engaged Mildred Dir as pianist.

Miss Helen Miller and Miriam Miller, owners of the Miller Mill, say that wheat is going up.

BETTER BUY NOW.

The Sable Store has just employed Leona Carpenter and Lugarda Doolittle as their model.

Rhea Fry and Ethel Finney are leaving to take a course in settlement work.

Miss Erma Bell, an interior decorator from Cleveland, has just finished decorating the New Public Library.

Roy Craig and Adalyn Ingmand, having successfully passed the Teachers' examination, will take up their duties in country schools.

Miss Dewey Harbaugh has been elected as a member of the School Board.

THEATRICAL NEWS.

THE THEATRE.

Last chance to see Francis Sullivan and Karl Ulich in "The Young Fools."

GLOBE THEATRE.

"The Mansfield Belles," in which Tillie Barth, Florence Bein, Katherine Brumfield and Lois Jesson star. 10c to all.

DANCE FOR ORPHAN ASYLUM.

A clog dance will be given by the Misses Theresa Leasure and Rose Beam for the benefit of Fred Frey's Orphanage.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Special Dancing at Parson's Academy. Bertha Ray and Lawrence Bergstrom will give an exhibition.

Miss Stella Massa and Martha McFarland have started a new cooking school. Send your children.

Try Mother Kallmerten's Soothing Horse Liniment.

GOING! GOING! GOING!

Here's a good chance to get your New Spring Hats cheap. Miss Ethel Banks and Miss Mary Keffer, Milliners, 209 N. Main St.

Matz & Ayers - - - - - Quality Market.
Best meats for lowest prices.

Dr. Malvina McClellan, Specialist.
Diseases of the Ear, Eye, Nose and Throat treated.
Office—Bird Building.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

Merciel Campbell's Beauty Shop opens today.

CHOCOLATE SHOPPE.

Tea, Candy.
Marian Warner. Gladys Lash.

Plazer's Cream Quality 5c Cigar. Try one.

CIRCUS COMING.

R. Brooks and Paul DeWitt's Circus, June 1st. Special Attractions: World's greatest snake charmer, Rachel Brindle; Elephant Trainer, Fred Ohler; Ralph McCullough, the Living Skeleton, and last, but not least, the fat man—a second Billie Bounce—Connie Gilkinson.

SENIOR POEM.

Slowly, yet surely he ascends the upward way,
Led by the Light of Knowledge he higher climbs each day;
His footsteps never falter as he onward goes and on
'Til his efforts are rewarded, he looks out on Avalon.
Upon life's beaten pathways he sees the human throng
Of those in God's own image who slowly move along;
The men whose course hath led them into the paths of right
And those unhappy creatures still groping in the night.
He sees some stand successful in the great World's Hall of
Fame,
He sees the hopeless failure go downward to his shame,
He knows that now the time is come to enter life's hard game.
In the distance stand two cities at the ending of the ways,
One upon the golden mountain shining in the sun's bright rays;
O'er the turrets float the banners, lighted by the sun's caress,
On each one in glistening letters stand the words "I Am
Success."
Lower, in the dismal valley, as in mourning stands a town
Ever gray in constant twilight, where the sun's rays ne'er
look down.
On its wall, in great black legend, "Failure" casts its darkened
frown.
Now the paths of life perceiving, take your way to higher
ground,
Battle ever to the uplands where the sun's fair beams look
down.
May your upward climb be lightened! "Education" guides
you nigh;
Better guide man cannot want, for she's from good old Mans-
field High.

—E. Plazer, '17.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	Paul Angle
Vice President	Robert Bissel
Secretary	Mabel Beer
Treasurer	Francis Beam
Sergeant-at-Arms	Arthur Pealer

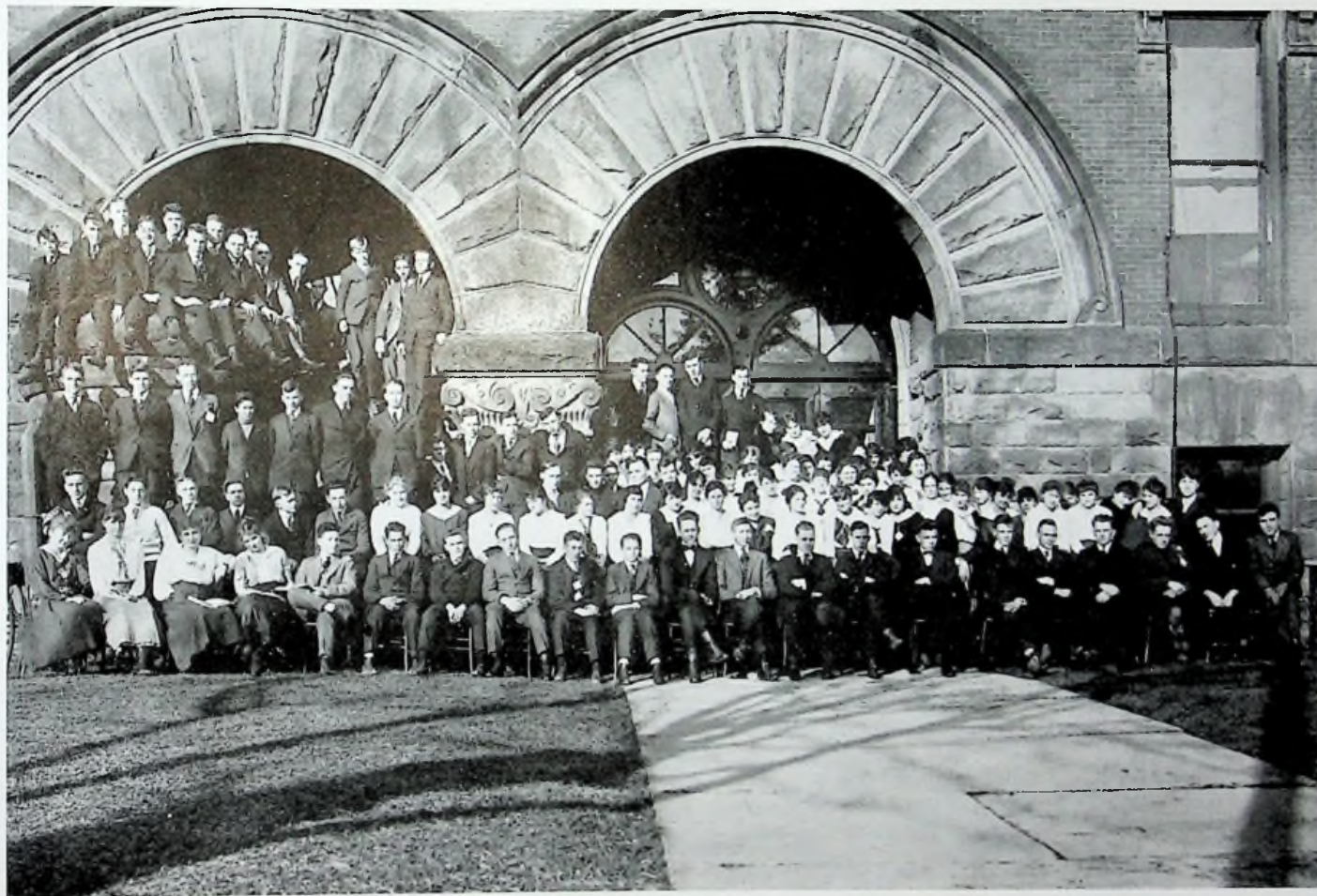
JUNIOR LIST

Ackerman, Harriett
Ackerman, Helen
Allenbaugh, Ralph
Andrews, John
Angle, Paul
Arnold, Dorothy
Atton, Gertrude
Balyeat, Milton
Banks, Barney
Banks, Cecil
Baumberger, Clarence
Beam, Francis
Beam, Leona
Beard, Lowell
Becker, Rosalia
Bell, Erma
Bein, Sadie
Beer, Helen
Beer, Mabel
Beeler, Elsie
Beninghoff, Maude
Bissel, Robert
Boals, Wesley
Bormuth, Cuba
Bricker, George
Brunk, Herman
Bush, Bernice
Bush, Mary
Bushnell, Barbara
Callahan, Arthur
Cashell, Lewis
Campbell, Robert
Chambers, Harry
Charles, Mildred
Coblentz, Corinne

Cook, Cecil
Cramer, Margaret
Davey, Ova
Dishong, Fleta
Doolittle, Rhea
Downs, Margaret
Dowling, Helen
Durbin, John
Easterday, Russel
Tryon, Mary
Gifford, Paul
Goetz, Dorothy
Gorman, Lucile
Groff, Helen
Guthrie, Irene
Hampson, John
Hancock, Robert
Harbaugh, Martha
Harris, Paul
Hartenfels, Russel
Haupt, Henry
Hawkins, Lillian
Hecht, Marie
Herring, Mildred
Hetler, Hazel
Hugh, Martha
Hugh, Mary
Imhoff, Frank
Jackson, Charles
Jolley, Clarence
Kairns, Marjorie
Keane, Frances
Kegg, Eugene
Kemp, Justine
Kohler, Russel

Kramer, John
Lee, Frank
Leppo, Martha
Lucas, Margaret
Lutz, Russel
Lyons, Pauline
Maglott, Anna
Maglott, Marie
Mamber, Helen
Mendlich, Marie
Miles, Albert
Miller, Harold
Miller, Howard
Miller, Margaret
Moore, Russel
Morris, Naomi
Mowry, Ruth
McClellan, Ruth
McClure, Ruth
McFarland, Josephine
McFarland, Linnie
McNaul, John
Nixon, Edward
Noland, Dorothy
O'Donnell, Thomas
Oswalt, Howard
Oswalt, Lillian
Ozier, Eugene
Patterson, Edith
Pealer, Arthur
Pool, Martha
Porch, Mary
Race, Helen
Redding, Fred

Reemer, Mae
Reese, Herbert
Rice, Maurice
Richey, Neva
Ropp, Alice
Robinson, Carrie
Rowlands, Paul
Scott, Haldon
Scott, Pauline
Schettler, Frieda
Shafer, Karl
Shambaugh, Verda
Staninger, Josephine
Starrett, Isla
Stewart, Leola
Strocher, Clarence
Sturges, Dean
Sutter, Helen
Swain, Gayle
Terman, Eva
Them, Ruth
Todd, Naomi
VanTilburgh, Gilbert
Wallace, Helen
Walford, Ruth
Warne, Rhea
Webber, Lucille
Welch, Charles
Wheaton, Earnest
Wilmoth, Eunice
Wilson, Gerald
Wolfarth, Karl
Yeingst, Edna
Yuncker, Esther



JUNIOR PICTURES

SOME MORE



A TOAST TO M. H. S.

Here's to good old M. H. S!
Here's a toast to her success!
Long may the red and white banner wave
Over the daughters loyal, her sons so brave.
May the glorious colors of red and white
Ever stand for all that's right.
The days spent at Mansfield High
In our memories shall never die,
And those stirring songs and cheers
Shall not be forgotten in after years.
M. H. S. shall win great renown,
Her fame shall be known in every town;
For in studies and sports she will always lead—
In every attempt she shall succeed.
May our pride in our High School never grow less,
For we will always love dear M. H. S.

—*Lucile Richardson, '19.*

SOPHMORE LIST

Ackerman, Charles
 Adams, Glenn
 Anghley, Mary
 Andrews, Harold
 Althouse, Elizabeth
 Arnold, Donna
 Aungst, Bethel
 Baker, Margery
 Baer, Ralph
 Beck, Howard
 Becker, Ruth
 Bell, Lillian
 Berger, Jack
 Black, Robert
 Blindt, Dorothy
 Bowman, Kathaleen
 Boals, Frank
 Boling, Robert
 Bride, Ruth
 Brook, Florence
 Brown, Clarence
 Brandt, William
 Buckwalter, Dorothy
 Byrd, Mary
 Case, Florence
 Cairns, Emma
 Casey Mary
 Conn, Mary E.
 Copeland, Mabel
 Crouse, Jack
 Dann, Mary
 Davis, Lucille
 Davis, Ruth
 Daum, Ethel
 Dent, Homer
 Dillie Mildred

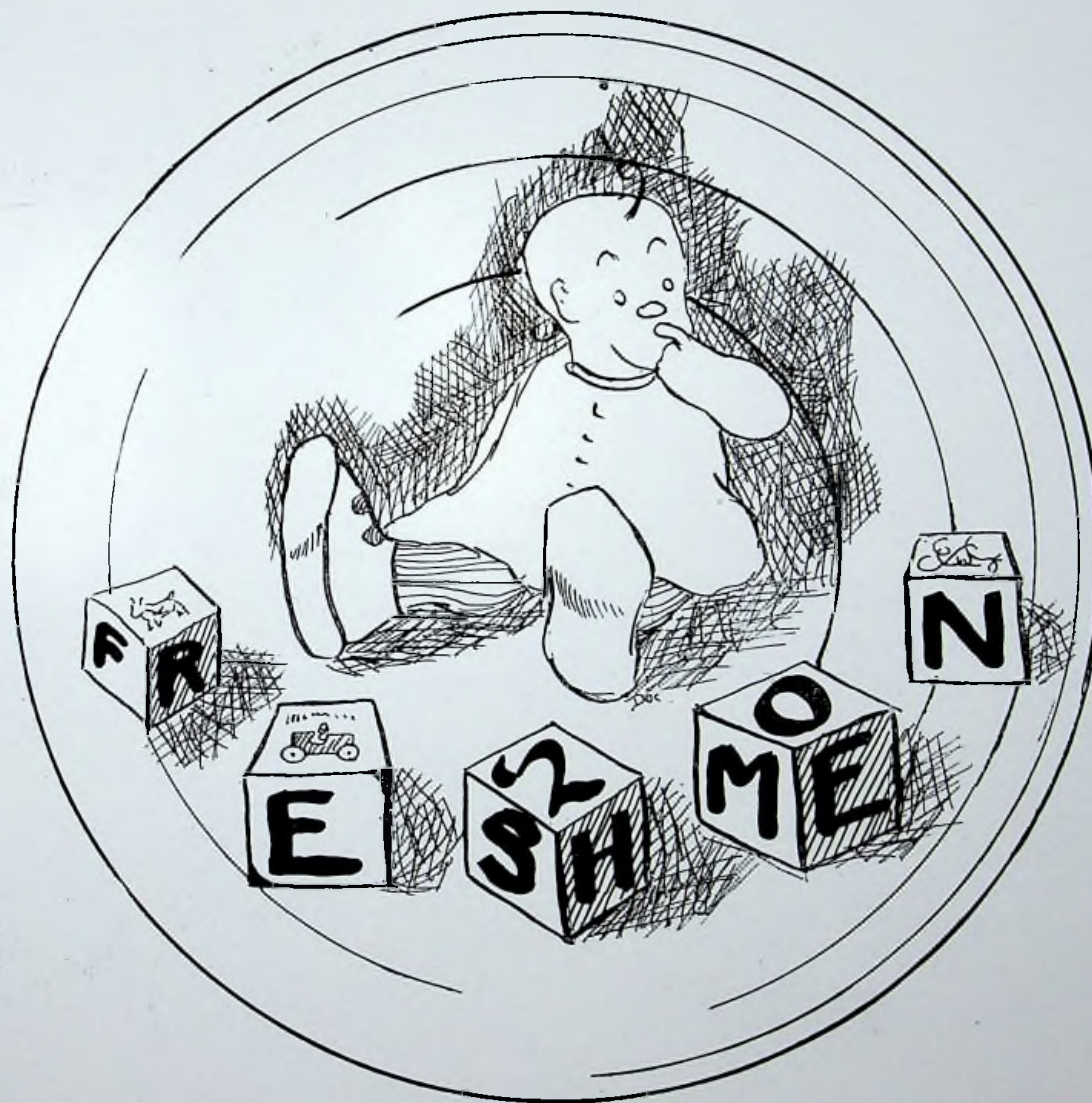
Dobbs, Miriam
 Dobbs, Margaret
 Dorman, Doris
 Donley, Harold
 Dunichick, Karl
 Dobby, Esther
 Eggert, Efflo
 Eilenfelt, Albert
 Fernyak, Anne
 Fiey, James
 Fike, Doris
 Fike, Nina
 Finfgeld, Charles
 Fisher Chas.
 Ford, Tom
 Fox, Etta
 Foulks, Dorothea
 Gallagher, Paul
 Garber, Chauncey
 Gerrall, Thelma
 Gettleman, Phryne
 Geeseman, Doris
 Gray, Flossie
 Hale, Harriet
 Hammett, Merle
 Hartman, Dorothea
 Harrison, Margaret
 Hardman, Ruth
 Haupt, Arthur
 Hein, Katherine
 Hershey, Gladys
 Herr, Howard
 Herring, Florence
 Hecht, Anna May
 Hecht, Magdalen
 Hoffman, Lloyd

Hostetter, Charlotte
 Hughes Thomas
 Hutzelman, William
 Jarvis, Kenneth
 Kemp, Helen
 Kenney, Jack
 Kleinfelter, Pauline
 Kleid, Raymond
 Kramer, Dorothy
 Laird, Miriam
 Laver, Mary Ellen
 Long, Eula
 Lowmaster, Katherine
 Magee, Warren
 Magee, Ruehena
 Marquis, Howard
 Miller, Robert
 Miller, Mary
 Miller, Fred
 Miller, Mercile N.
 Morris, Robert
 Morris, Florence
 Mowry, Georgia
 McCready, Martha
 McFarland, Esther
 McGuinty, Helen
 McVicar, Harold
 Nissley, Mannette
 Parker, Corrinne
 Pfeifer, Harold
 Piper, Gladys
 Price Harriett
 Price, Martha Mary
 Pollock, Howard
 Post, Helen
 Oswalt, Edson

Oster, Howard
 Radler, Hannah
 Richarson, Lucille
 Robinson, Neil S.
 Roser, Evelyn
 Rust, Hugh
 Seitz, Karl
 Schaffer, Winona
 Schweir, Minnie
 Schuler, Ernest
 Shrader, Katherine
 Shultz, Miriam
 Sowash, Grace
 Small, Rexford
 Smith, Elizabeth
 Snyder, Doris
 Snyder, Paul
 Snider, Naome
 Stull, Helen
 Stortz, Emma
 Sotherland, John
 Stickler, Gladys
 Stier, Barbara
 Steiner, Russell
 Sutter, Wesley
 Sword, Charles
 Tingley, Everett
 Tryon, Agnes
 Ulich, DaLee
 Wentz, Sherman
 Wein, Emma
 Weldon, Elizabeth
 Wolfe, Lela Mae
 Walf, Anna
 Wesley, Lois
 Whistler, Hazel
 Ziet, Helen



SOPHOMORE PICTURES



FRESHMEN LIST

Thelma Bricker
 Louise Brown
 Evangeline Carr
 Pauline Darling
 Hazel Hempfield
 Ether Longsdorf
 Naome Shade
 Helen Sigler
 Thelma Sturgis
 Jessie Waddle
 Martha Wooden
 Russel Beard
 David Boswell
 Harold Bottomly
 Earl Garrison
 Jack Stevenson
 Lydia Aughey
 Estella Bammerlin
 Ruth Bishop
 Lusir Heston
 Blanche Leary
 Helen LeGear
 Kathryn Thomas
 Margaret Tryon
 Daisy Wescott
 Lloyd Garrison
 Thelma Balyeat
 Glenn Arbough
 Fred Berry
 Eulalia Boggs
 Thomas Butts
 James Crum
 Harold Chapman
 Ivan Carmine
 Gladys Crooks
 LaVouda Corey
 Rachel Dent
 Leona Dillinger
 Chester Daugherty
 Russel Erdenberger
 Mabel Eckert
 Owen Fighter
 Clarence Eckert
 Alva O. Fraley

Katherine Cantt
 Donald Gerrell
 Roger Harris
 Sylvia Harris
 Esther Ish
 Raymond Johnson
 Lester Knapp
 Mildred Kipp
 Anna Kyler
 Ozella Laughbaum
 Emmet Long
 Carl Lewis
 Howard Matz
 Alvin Mitchell
 Frances Mamber
 Irene Munson
 Thea Pifer
 Catherine Pollock
 Wade Ropp
 Julius Reinewald
 Margaret Somers
 Gladys Stewart
 Rhea Smith
 Glenn Tschantz
 Donald Tucker
 Harold Underwood
 William Valentine
 Kathryn Willis
 Harold Winters
 Katherine Koller
 Marian Burns
 Dawson Bing
 Martin Bricker
 Paul Crider
 Jennings Dishong
 Paul Fisher
 Richard Martin
 Chas. Nail
 Joe Piper
 Joe Sampsel
 Robert Seidel
 Seslie Staiger
 Alfred Tappan
 Helen Bishop

Gladys Clifford
 Gladys Conley
 Blache Davis
 Elma Davis
 Elizabeth Glendenning
 Hilda Hart
 Ruth Helter
 Dorothy Herring
 Gladys Huff
 Iva McClaine
 Beatrice Perry
 Marian Remy
 Dorothy Lauerbrum
 Gladys Stull
 Naomi Terman
 Leona Theaher
 Wilma Waddle
 Grace Weddell
 Elsie Foy
 Lucille Lorrow
 Fern Beam
 Mary Workman
 Elverda Warne
 Gladys Linn
 Erma Houston
 Mary Moore
 Helen Myers
 Edith Johns
 Marvel Strang
 Gertrude Sonner
 Emma Arndt
 Janet Waring
 Frances Campbell
 Margaret Miller
 Louise Bissman
 Edith McLean
 Miriam Campbell
 Leona Berry
 Chas. Hancock
 Paul Hursh
 Floyd Buckwalter
 Lyman Moore
 Gaylord Herring
 David Cummins

Victor Leack
 Augustus Fox
 Homer Bottamly
 Ralph Glasener
 Earl Davis
 Hazel Brightoill
 Mary Calhoun
 Lydia Surance
 Mabel Day
 Lois Doolittle
 Nellie McLaughlin
 Abigail Hartupee
 Mabel VanTilburg
 Mary Wolford
 Frend Clingan
 Kenneth Sotherland
 Frances Fernyak
 Paul Randall
 Russell Porch
 Helen Richard
 Bernice Dickson
 Eva Hampson
 Ephriam Brown
 Katharyn Laird
 Florence Campbell
 Hilda Henry
 Miriam McBride
 Paul Watts
 Mabel Hancock
 Mildred Shively
 Bertha Houston
 Mildred Clinton
 Martha Kagey
 Gladys Fickes
 Carrie Beachler
 Helen Bein
 Ruth Bell
 Mary Beverstock
 Lois Bookman
 Bertha Brunk
 Grace Byrd
 Elizabeth Eichelberger
 Margaret Graham
 Dorothy Haverfield

Helen Heath
 Dorothy Lyons
 Vera McCrory
 Ruth Munnell
 Elizabeth Parsons
 Margaret Pealer
 Elnora Ross
 Thelma Staninger
 Irene Taylor
 Eleanor Upson
 Margaret Wheeler
 Harvey Bushnell
 John Coss
 Edward Dann, Jr.
 Harland Kochheiser
 Warren Loomis
 Ellis Meyer
 Philip Mitchell
 Rodney Murray
 Warren Ruck
 Earl Seifly
 Raymond Wolfe
 Gaylord Bahl
 Teddy Bergstrom
 Lloyd Brown
 Wilbert Burrer
 Paul Casey
 Benjamin Chase
 Chas. Evans
 Edward Gibson
 Richard Hautzenroder
 Virgil Kirkpatrick
 Hale Redrup
 Paul Schultz
 Hale Sturges
 John Thoma
 Margaret Ackerman
 Helen Benson
 Bessie Blackman
 Irene Yoha
 Edna Young
 Leeta Charles
 Allyn Ayers



FRESHMAN PICTURES



FRESHMEN PICTURE

FRESHMAN CLASS.

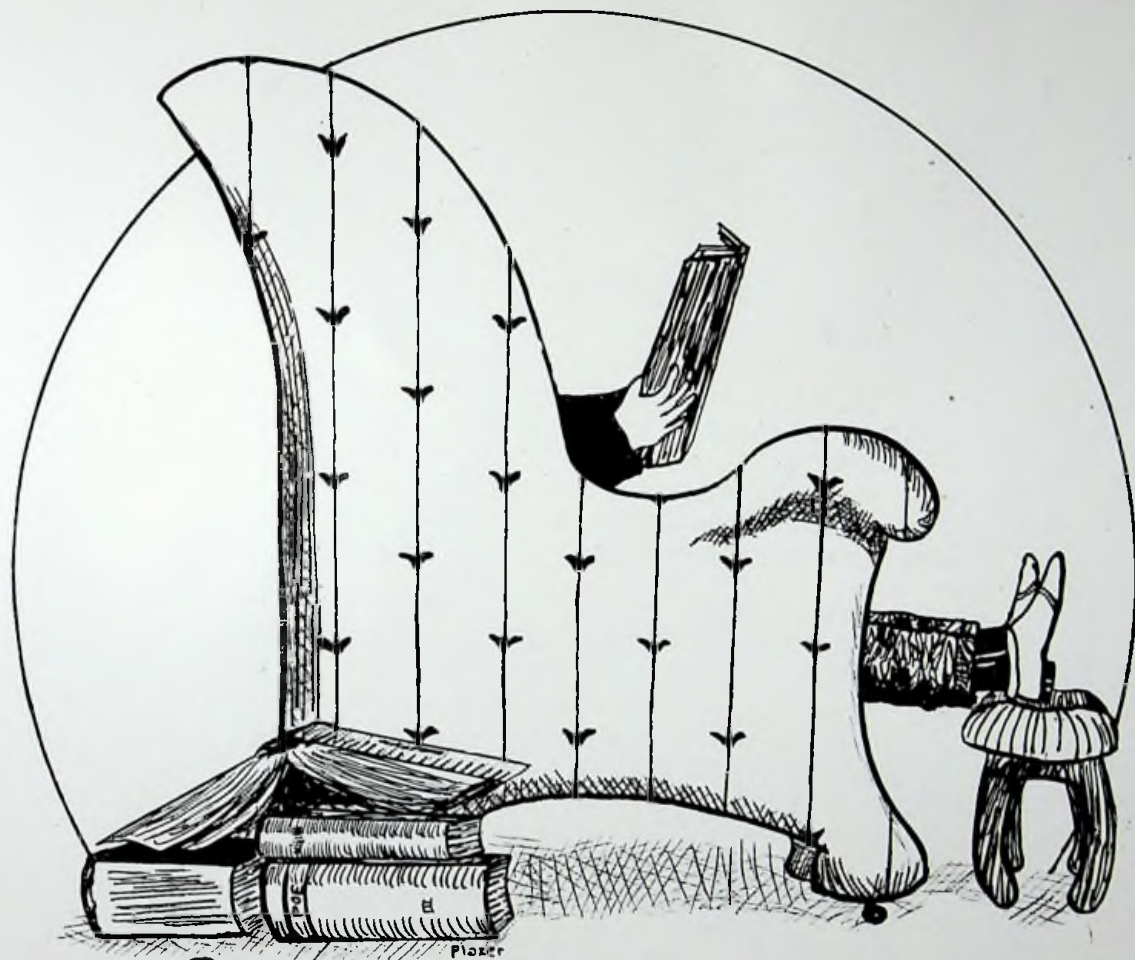
In nineteen hundred and sixteen
We started into this school,
And decided to do our very best
To obey the Golden Rule.
How well we have succeeded,
Our teachers alone can tell.
At times we have made failures
When we wanted to do so well.

But to err is only human,
And so, mistakes we've made.
So we will strive the harder
While going up the grade.
And when the school year's ended,
If we only do our part,
We can look back to what we have accomplished
With a very grateful heart.

We'll thank kind friends and teachers
For the patience they have shown,
And, in a small way, may repay
The light they have thrown
About the pathway as we climbed
The first year through High School,
When the "Freshies" were made light of
As has always been the rule.

And we hope as the years pass over
The heads of those who now
Have started in the race of life
There'll be written on their brow--
Honor, Truth and Loyalty--
Three things to hold most dear
And cling to, more closely
With every passing year.

—Harry S. Marlow, '20.



Literature

OUR CLASS.

N-ever was there such a class as that of '17,
I-n every way it's been the best of any ever seen.
N-ever do we come to class without our lessons. No!
E-very precious moment is spent by us just so.
T-alk about your promptness, we never come in late;
E-agerly we go to class and there await our fate.
E-ven in the study halls we're quiet as can be,
N-ever making trouble--for we just can't, you see.

S-ince we entered Mansfield High--four short years ago--
E-arnestly we've done our work and never shirked--ah, no!
V aluable knowledge we've acquired by toil and true endeavor,
E-ach one doing his best, and "cutting" classes never!
N-ow our High School work is done, and surely we did try
T-o please our teachers, do our work, each one to satisfy.
E-ver looking forward to the time of graduation,
E-ncouraging each other through trial and tribulation.
N-ever will we forget our class of Nineteen-seventeen,
Which we consider is the best of any ever seen.

—Vera Smythe, '17.

"Hey, for cat's sake, Ruth!" Rufus Allan, dubbed "Red," on account of his fiery hair, stopped short and looked disgustedly at his sister, sitting on the floor, tenderly nursing a mangy black kitten. "You adopt every blamed cat that comes along. Can't you remember that this isn't a hospital?"

"Yes," flashed Ruth, her nose tilted scornfully skyward, "now I suppose you'll tell me to be more like Alice Stewart Well, be thankful, I'm not such an empty-headed butterfly."

"Look here," began Red hotly, but was interrupted by a calm voice proceeding from the next room: "Stop quarreling, twins, and remember, Rufus"—here a tin can was rattled suggestively—"you owe me a cent for every slang word in that little speech you just completed. You can't murder your English like that around here. Well," reflectively, "the heart of at least one little heathen will be gladdened upon receiving the benefit derived from the contents of the tin cup."

Red clutched his fiery locks and groaned dismally. "Believe me," he thought, "if I got my hands on that little heathen, his heart wouldn't be gladdened. He'd get a black eye." Aloud he said, "Just my luck! I say, mother, can't you appreciate the delicate humor of that expression, even if it was slang? Cat's sake, when the subject under discussion was a cat. I call that striking."

"That was rather an artistic touch," exclaimed Mrs. Allan, "but I prefer plain, vigorous Saxon."

Red jingled the coins in his pocket and taking out the required number, he mournfully bade them good-by as he dropped them into the cup.

"Three cents left. How is a fellow going to have any fun at a picnic with three cents," he complained.

"What picnic?" asked Ruth interestedly, their differences forgotten in a trice.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? The crowd is going to Rodgers Lake tomorrow. Bob Arnold and I have to see about the hay-

wagon. There he is now," as a shrill whistle was heard. "So long." The door slammed and Red was gone.

Ruth put the cat down carefully and began to plan for the picnic.

"What fun it will be," she said to her mother. "If only Alice wouldn't go. She's so silly, and yet Red likes her. We had so much fun together before she came, but now he leaves me out of everything."

"Never mind, little girl," soothed her mother; "he'll be all right again after a while."

The picnic day dawned bright and clear. It was an ideal June morning. All the boys and girls had gathered at the Allan home, as they had agreed to do, where the hay-wagon was waiting. Did I say all? Ah, no. Alice Stewart had not come yet, and Red kept sending anxious glances up the shady street.

"Let me see," drawled Rose Graham teasingly. "It seems to me Alice told me she wasn't coming." "What did you say?" demanded Red. There was a shout of laughter and Red flushed to the roots of his hair. "Here she comes!" called one of the girls.

Alice was, indeed, coming at last, a dainty figure in a white, ruffy dress and high-heeled slippers, but her clothes were scarcely suitable for picnic among the hills.

"She wants to be different from the rest of us," thought Ruth resentfully, glancing at the sensible picnic garb of the others.

Laughing and talking, the party started, reaching the lake in about an hour. It was a beautiful spot. The lake was situated in a little valley and surrounded on all sides by hills, which were literally covered by wild flowers. Some of the crowd made up a party and set out on an exploring expedition. The rest fished. That is all, except Red and Alice—"she couldn't tramp with those slippers," she said, "and hated fishing." So they sat and looked on.

"How can Ruth bear to do anything so messy," said Alice, with a dainty shiver, as Ruth pulled out a big fish. "She's so queer. Not a bit like you."

"Ruth is all right," said Red rather stiffly. He was uncomfortably conscious that he ought to say more in his sister's defense, yet his pride was flattered at Alice's implied approval of him. Just then the explorers returned, ravenously hungry, so they had dinner.

After dinner the crowd set out again, and Red, who was perishing to fish, got almost desperate. Ruth cruelly let them alone, saying to herself, "It just serves them right." But, finally, she relented and walking up to Alice said: "There are some beautiful flowers on the next hill. Let's gather some." Alice languidly rose and Red, glad for action of any kind, no matter how tame, followed.

They wandered farther and farther, not noticing where they were going until Ruth exclaimed, "Look how low the sun is; we must hurry back or the crowd will forget and go off without us!"

They started back and climbed the next hill, which they supposed was the one from which they had started. They were dismayed to find it was not, so they tried the next one with the same result. It was getting dark now and the hills, in the purple twilight, all looked alike. The trio stumbled on, falling over stones and briars. Alice was complaining querulously how tired she was. Ruth pushed ahead pluckily and tried to buoy Alice's drooping spirits.

"Let me see," she said suddenly, "weren't we facing the sun when we left the lake? Then we've been going in the opposite direction from our hill. About face and try the hill over there!"

"Good for you, Sis," said Red heartily. "Sis" flushed with pleasure at his tone.

Alice was sitting on a stone resting. "I wish I'd never come," she wailed. "My dress and slippers are ruined and my ankle hurts dreadfully. Oh, dear, I wish I were home."

They coaxed and soothed her and then started in the direction Ruth had suggested. They reached the top of the hill and, oh, raptures! there was a signal fire burning on the next hill. "There they are!" shouted Red joyfully, and gave a clear whistle, which was answered from the other hill.

It did not take them long to get there and they were soon in the midst of their friends, who had searched frantically for them.

"What's the matter, Alice?" asked Bob Arnold, wickedly, as Alice hobbled into the light of the fire, her dress almost torn to tatters and the heel of one slipper gone.

"Nothing!" she snapped. "Let's go home." They were all willing to do so after the strenuous day and were soon off. Red was very quiet and thoughtful all the way home. They found Mrs. Allan waiting for them.

"What in the world happened?" she asked anxiously. "I was afraid someone had been hurt."

Red told her all about their experience, how they had lost their way and how plucky Ruth had been. Ruth's face wore a contented expression and her brown eyes filled with happy tears, when Red, delving into his pocket, extracted the last three pennies and as he dropped them one by one into the tin cup said, convincingly: "Believe me, Ruth is some pal."

—Clara Fernyak. '17

Wa'al here's my story, and I reckon you'll enjoy it: Last winter, somewhere around Christmas, I should say, my good old aunt, Lord rest her soul, passed from this world of sin and sorrer into the world beyond. O' course she couldn't take her worldly belongin's along, so she just left me, who was her only relation remainin', her money. Summin' it up, it stood about a thousand—"enough," as Hiram, who is my partner for better and worse, expressed it, "to make yer vest-pocket feel comf'table."

Wa'al, to be gettin' on with my story, I had never ben to the city sence before me and Hiram wuz married. We had sworn before the most High that we would stick together till death us did divide. But I don't remember hearin' the parson say for us to stick to farm, too, and *that* we had. I wuz gettin' kinder tired of feedin' chickens and hogs, and milkin' the cows, to say nothin' of the cookin', washin', bakin' and churnin'. So, that when I gets that money in my hand, you bet your top bunnit, I took my chance. O' course, I felt awfully sorry that poor aunty Lord rest her soul, was dead, so I sheded some tears, and that evenin' I told Hiram. O' course he didn't expect it, men never expect nothin', but sometimes they expect too much from us foor wimmen folks.

"Wa'al now, Mandy," says he, "I kinder figgered on buildin' a sleepin' porch on this here house, make the kitchen bigger, and buy a few new steers, an' then, if there wuz any money over, mebbe you could git a new bunnit or two?"

"Yes," says I "mebbe I could, and mebbe I will, and mebbe I'll git a new dress, too. And I'll tell you this much, Hiram Hoskins, there'll be no new-fangled fol-de-rols bought for this house, for I'm going to take that money and go to Nu York."

Wa'al, he slammed on his boots and went to the Jacksons. He allus goes to the Jacksons when he's real hot.

We buried poor auntie, Lord rest her soul, but I reckon she's better off where she is. I can almost see her now sittin' on the right hand of God, holdin' on to His thumb and singin' "When the Trumpets Blow I'll be There." Auntie never wuz much of a singer.

After the funeral I went to Andy Stope's to buy some clothes for to go to Nu York with. I tried on all the bunnits in his store till I found one I liked. It was brown and had two red roses standin' on stems about two inches from the crown. I wanted to put the roses down, but Andy says "No, because all roses stood up in Nu York," and I reckon Andy knows, 'cause he's been there once. It cost \$1.50, but I wouldn't pay that, so Andy gave it to me for \$1.49. I wuz so tickled at the bargain that I bought my suit and a purple silk alpaca gown for evenin's there. The Stopes' alluz was obligin'.

My suit wuz a real purty brown to match my bunnit. Hiram said it looked muddy. But he wuz just jealous. He didn' like my bunnit either, and when I told him what Andy Stopes said, he sid that if all Nu Yorkers wore them kind of bunnits they must all look like dried potatoes on 'em. O' course I wasn't tickled to death at that, but Hiram never wuz much at makin' purty speeches, not even when he wuz a-courtin' me. And then, too, he's only a man.

He wuz pretty mad, anyhow, cause I wuz goin', but got alright agin when he druv me to the station. I knowed he wouldn't feed himself right while I was gone, but it woudn't hurt him to get a mite skinnier. There'll be more room in the buggy if he does.

Wa'al, to get to the point, I left Centerville and Hiram in it, and went to Nu York. I heerd they did'nt have no fresh eggs there, so I took a basket with me to give to the neighbors when I git there. But, landy sakes! Them eggs never lived

to see Nu York. The skirt of that suit wuz kinder long, and goin' up the train steps I stepped on the front of it. What, with a suit case in one hand, my lunch and basket of eggs in the other, I couldn't help myself, so I jest let the basket drop. I wuz kinder late and the train started afore I got my bearin's, so the last I saw of them eggs, they wuz sittin' in the middle of the railroad tracks and lookin' a sight more comf'table than I wuz.

I took a seat in a car which I thought looked nice and pulled down a winder for fraid of a draft. There wuz nothin' but men in the car, but I allus feel comf'table with men—more'n I do with wimmin. But no sooner set my belongin's around me and begun to enjoy the scenery than a fat, wheezy, little man with a nose like a ripe tomato, tuk it onto hisself to tell me where I wuz.

"Lady," says he, "do you know that you are in the smoker?"

Now I didn't know that trains had special cars to smoke their meats in, and besides it didn't look like a smoker, and I told him so. Now our smoker to Hum had sassages, side-meats and other meats hangin' around. But, o'course, it isn't butcherin' time now.

He'd been listenin' to me with his mouth open and when I wuz through he took a breath like the puff of a locomotive and begun to bough. My sakes, that man did cough! I got up and patted him on the back, but it seemed to make it worse; so I told him he'd better get a drink and gave him Grandma Peabod's herb receipt for hooping cough.

It takes a woman to help a fellow human bein' in distress. All them fool men were laffin' and I felt like boxin' their stupid ears, But I didn't have to stay in that sasiety long, for the conductor cum in and told me that car was men only, bein' the men's smoker, and I'd better move on. I told him to show me the wimmen's smoker; I'd as lief go there as anywhere else.

But they didn't seem to have none, for the cars he tuk me in had men and women mixed. The only empty seat wuz next to a

minister with side-whiskers and a bald head who wuz sleepin' peaceable, his paper still held in his hand and his specs pushed up on his head. I sot down beside him and settle my belongin's about me. Then I took out a copy of the "Comfort" and tried to be intrested in a new patent told about, that would kill potato bugs by the hundreds. But land, who would take any interest in anything, with a minister sittin' aside of 'em and sawin' wood as if his life depended on't. So I folded up the "Comfort" and waited till one special loud snore waked him up. He was rather s'prised to see me a side of him and I tried to look daggers at him, but I didn't know how, so I just opened the "Comfort" to a page where wives told how they'd cured their husbands of snoring. I gived it to him and told him to tell his wife to read it.

"Oh—eh—what?" And he begun to look for his specs.

"Your specs are on your head and tell your wife to read this," says I.

"Oh—eh—what?" says he.

"YOUR SPECS ARE ON YOUR HEAD AND TELL YOUR WIFE TO READ THIS," I yelled for he was deaf as a hitcin' post.

"MADAM, I AM SINGLE," he yelled back at me, and pulled his specs down on his nose.

"I CAN HEAR YOU. I'M NOT DEAF." shouts I.

"WHO SAID YOU WERE?" he hollered as hard as before.

Everybody in the car was laughin', so I turned my back on him and looked out of the winder. It was gettin' dark and I wuz hungry, so I tuk out a few sangwiches and started eatin' one. I looked over at the minister. He wuz readin' the potato bug patent and looked so thin I pitied him, so I gave him a sangwich. Arter that we got along alright, but we didn't risk talking no more. He fell asleep again, this time with his specs on his nose. I got sleepy when I looked at him, so I called the conductor and told him I wanted

to go to bed. He told me he'd get my berth, whatever that is, ready.

"I don't want no berth," says I; "what I want is a good comf'table bed. A feather bed 'll do."

"He wuz a nice, spry conductor, for he left the car the minute I had the words out o' my mouth. While he wuz gone I unlaced my shoes and tuk off my juley.

I didn't get no bed arter all. Nothin' but a shelf with a curtain round it, but it wuz pretty comf'table for a shelf, and when I got settled down I peeked out just in time to see the minister go into the shelf below mine.

I wuz tired, so I fell asleep in no time, but somewhere'n around midnight I waked up and remembered that I had forgot to say my prayers. Now there's no tellin' what might not happen on a train, and me not havin' said my prayers, and would never see poor auntie again, Lord rest her soul! So I jest got up on my knees and said my prayers. I wuz jest goin' to say "Amen" when that train gave me a lurch and I pitched back into my bunk. It did make consid'able noise, and the minister, who had be'n diligently sawin' wood, waked up and begun yellin' "Burlars!" Everybody but me wuz out in a minnit. But when they found it wuz a false alarm they begun cussin' the minister and I thanked my lucky stars he couldn't hear them, or he'd a-ben dreadfully shocked.

We all slept peacable arter that, and I didn't wake up until the conductor called "Fifteen minnits to Nu York!"

I got up and dressed in three winks of a flea's left eyelash and by the time the train stopped I wuz ready, to my false teeth.

Wa'al I'm on my way hum, and when I once get there I'll never leave it agin. My sakes, but Nu York did get on my nerves! I couldn't sleep o'nights and one night I akshuly didn't go to bed till seven o'clock. I waz disapinted tho, Land! I did so want to go to the Waldorf Castoria hotel so I could brag about it to Andy Stopes. But it wuz too full and one o' them sassy cabmen who called me handsome, right to my face, tuk me to another one. My, but it wuz grand! But the clothes the wimmen wore to dinner wuz shameful. And here the stays of my collar was a-cuttin' my chin all the while. My sakes! Wouldn't Preacher Hogkins a-ben shocked if he'd a-ben there? But the men wuz dressed real purty—a white shirt, vest, tie in the front, and two shiny black tails in the back. And their hats! Laws, but they wuz purty—tall and shiny like my stove to hum, after I put Bulldog Polish on't. I bought Hiram a suit and hat like 'em to wear Sunday-go-to-meetin'. Won't Deacon Weatherspoon be jealous?

But I couldn't stay long; I didn't have no more money. My, but things is dear in Nu York! I wish I'd let Hiram buy them new steers. But, laws! I'll never tell *him* that.

WA'AL, here we are! Eliah Jackson painted that "Centerville" on the station house, There's Widow Jenkins. Land! Don't she wish she wuz in my shoes. Where's my umbrella? Here it—There's Hiram with the team. Don't he look like hum?

"Oh, Hiram, did you feed the chickens afore you cum?"

FINIS.

—Dorothy Nolan, '18.

A RECALLED CAPTAIN.

Dick Lowery was the son of John Lowery, the wealthiest man in Carmont. His mother died when he was only five years old. He was a boy who was well liked and had been elected Captain of the foot-ball team of Vanderbilt College, which he had attended for the last three years. He might have been elected Captain of the basket-ball team, only the man whom he would have had to run against was Jack Bay, one of his friends, so he refused to run and gave Jack the chance of being elected unanimously.

Two weeks before Dick was to return to college his father died, and his father's lawyer, whom Dick had always considered an honest man, informed him that his father had failed in business. There was only enough left to pay his tuition to college for a year. Dick decided he had better not go to college, but the lawyer said that he should, as one of his father's greatest wishes was that he should finish his course in college.

So Dick returned to college. After he deducted the amount of his tuition he found he had only fifty dollars left to spend. As a general rule the fellows that attended this college were, by their fathers, well supplied with money. So the first day the students would go to the city and buy new furniture, carpets, pillows and anything else that was considered necessary.

The furniture of the other years was all right, but as they had plenty of money to spend, they spent it. When they went to a theater they always took the best seats and had some expensive eats afterwards. Now Dick only had a little money for spending, so he had decided to economize this year and had brought some of the very oldest furniture from home. Dick's first step toward this was to walk out to the college. On the way out he met some of his friends who were riding. They laughed and joked about his walking, but thought that he was doing it for training or some bet that he had made. They did not know of the death of his father.

He had just put his room in good order when a bunch of foot-ball men came in to talk about foot-ball. Noticing the plainness of his room they asked him about it. Dick then told them about his circumstances and his plan to economize.

Then Jack Ray, who was basket-ball captain this year, and who also played quarterback on the foot-ball squad the year before, asked him if he intended to head the eleven this year.

"Certainly! Why not?" asked Dick.

"Just because I don't think the boys who go to this college care to be captained by a pauper and I think the best thing for you to do is resign," answered Jack.

After the boys left Dick was so downhearted that he even left the supper bell ring without noticing it. To think that he had been called a pauper, and that the other boys did not care to associate with him anymore, just because his father had lost his money. He had looked forward to the time when he could be a captain from the Freshman year, and now that he had a chance he was to be cheated out of it. However, Dick decided the best thing for him to do was to resign, so he called a meeting of the team and handed in his resignation. To add to his embarrassment no one protested against his resigning.

Edward Bromwell was elected Captain. He had always liked Dick, and at first did not want the place, until he saw that the class did not want Dick, then he consented to act as captain during the foot-ball season.

Many a time he would sneak into Dick's room to receive some advice or suggestions about his team. Dick could always tell Bromwell anything he asked about, because he was well posted on foot-ball, and he also liked Bromwell and would do anything for the honor of the college which he loved so much.

After five of the eight games scheduled had been played, four of which were victories, there was a problem for

Ed to worry over because in just two weeks they were to play Trenton College and week after that Wayside College. The Wayside game was expected to be the hardest, but, if they could beat Trenton, who had a very fine team, they were certain they could claim a victory over the Wayside team.

A week before the Trenton game Ed secured a new trick from Dick to use in the game. Ed showed this to the coach, who said it would be a fine one to use in a tight place, but rather risky, but he had the team practice it. The coach wanted to know if this trick was Ed's idea, and when said "no" he then wanted to know whose it was, and Ed promised if it worked against Trenton he would tell.

Finally the Saturday of the Trenton game dawned. The grand-stand was crowded with students from both colleges. Two bands from both colleges and the cheer leaders were kept busy. If the number of rooters from Vanderbilt were estimated by the Black and Red pennants the whole school must have been there; even Dick attended, although he had to do without supper for a week in order to get money to attend the game.

The two teams had played for some time, but there was no score for either side until the middle of the last quarter, when the magic signal was given—the one which called for Dick's play. Vanderbilt was on the enemies forty-yard line and the players on both sides were tired out, but when this signal came it seemed to put new life into Vanderbilt's team. Bromwell received the ball and started on the run with all the speed his tired legs could carry him. After he had crossed the forty-yard line he noticed there was only one man between him and the goal. He succeeded in dodging this man, but had not calculated on a man from the rear catching up with him. He was so exhausted that he could not dodge or run faster and, therefore, the man from the rear tackled him, but he was over the goal line, giving his side six points to their credit. The goal was kicked, adding one more point to their score. After a few more minutes of play the game ended seven to nothing.

The scholars rushed to the field, hoisted Bromwell on their shoulders, while the band headed the procession, playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

After the excitement was over the coach hunted up Bromwell and, leaning a friendly hand on his shoulder, said: "Remember, Ed, you promised if the trick worked you would tell whose idea it was!"

"Yes, I will, and maybe some of the fellows will be ashamed of what they did. Dick handed me that play."

The team immediately took action and voted to have Dick recalled as Captain and to lead the team in the Wayside game. That night the campus was well lighted up from an immense bonfire built by the students in honor of the victory they had won, and also for the captain who was to lead the team next week.

Dick and his team won the Wayside game by a score of eighteen to nothing. Because Dick had been Captain of the Vanderbilt Eleven all the time, Jack Bay resigned as basket-ball captain, and Dick became Captain of one of Vanderbilt's most famous basket-ball teams.

The next morning after he had been elected he received a letter bearing the letterhead of his father's lawyer. Ripping it open he found the following:

"Dear Dick: I was very sorry to announce to you after the death of your father that he had failed. On his death-bed he instructed me to do so and see if you could really love the value of money, and that it was not money that made the man, but the man that made the money, although money sometimes makes friends. These kind of friends are not worth knowing, for when your money is all spent on them they forget and seek someone else. As I have been informed I believe you have found out for yourself, therefore, I take great pleasure in announcing to you that you are not penniless, as you believed, but heir to your father's fortune, five million dollars.

Sincerely,

David Fairbank."

—Efflo Eggert, '19.

A DOUBLE VICTORY.

The day was just about over, when, thru the blinding snow, Ted Merrill ran down the steps of the Recitation Hall and started for the postoffice. The snow which had started in the morning was whirling and blowing, stinging his cheeks and making walking difficult, because many drifts hid the path from the college.

"Oh, Greek, ta-ha!" hummed Ted to himself. "Daddy Hiller did enjoy giving me five demerits. But that was a nasty trick. Oh, my—!" Ted's jolly laugh rang out as he thought of the joke played on Professor Hiller, the Greek teacher of Hampton Hall.

The night before Ted, his roommate Robert Travill, Andy Cairns, with several others had gone skating. Knowing a cry would be raised by the boys left when their absence was discovered, thus bringing the Professor (who was proctor of the east wing) to the scene of action, Ted emptied a can of molasses outside the Professor's door to prevent him from coming to the rooms of the boys. The joke was not played with impunity as a molasses can was found in Ted's room upon investigation. To this then, we attribute the fact that Theodore Merrill translated fifty extra lines of Greek a day for two weeks and received five demerits.

Hustling thru the storm Ted soon reached the postoffice, where several of his friends were getting their mail. They greeted him boisterously and teased him about the extra lines of Greek. Suddenly, the door was opened and Ralph Kuhns came swiftly in the lobby.

"Hi, Kuhny! Who are the letters from this week? The girl in Boston or Chicago?" shouted Ted.

"Jove! I lost count when two came last week," remarked one.

"Aw, shut up! Always buttin' into my business," growled Ralph in a surly tone.

"Why not publish a few sweet ones for a theme in the Annual, under the title, 'Love Letters of a Lovesick So—,'

began Rob Travill, but was stopped by the look on Ralph's face.

"By the way, shall you write for the Annual, Ted?" inquired Tom Gallins.

"Me! Thunder, no!" shouted Ted, for his foot-ball prowess far exceeded his literary ability. "But I must get my mail. So long!"

"Two from Florida," mumbled Ted as he left the building. "I can't open them in this storm, so I better get to the Dorm." So saying he took a short cut and reached the Dormitory before the rest.

The warm felt splendid after the cold blast of the storm. Throwing his coat on a chair, he seated himself by the table to open his mail. "From Dad," he exclaimed half aloud.—"Dear Son: I have gone to Florida for the winter on account of an attack of pneumonia, which left me rather weak. Don't worry as I soon will be well. You know how weak one gets."—Ted's voice broke, his strong, jolly father sick and weak. "I am sorry this means Christmas at the Hall. * * The prize for the best theme interested me. Not the prize, but I wish you to do better literary work, my boy. (Jove, I'm no genius.) Nothing could please me better than to have you win it. Try for my sake." "For my sake! Well, for Dad's sake I will try. He has been grand to me; I'll do it! By Jove I will. I know I never can win, but—" Just then Robert Travill entered the room. As the dinner-bell sounded presently, Rob did not notice Ted's pre-occupied air.

When the dinner was over Theodore returned to his room to prepare those "fifty lines of Greek." Rob, who was rather studious, followed. Ted was unusually quiet. Indeed, Rob glanced more than once at his roommate in a worried manner. Finally he blurted out: "Say, Ted, are you sick or—" then noticing Ted's worried look, added, in a softer tone "Come, tell a fellow; has something gone wrong? Did Hiller put you out? Tell me, Ted."

"No. Dad has pneumonia, so the doctor's sent him to Florida. Mother never told me when he was so sick." Ted swallowed miserably. "Dad wants me to try for the prize." Glory, Rob, I never wrote a good theme in my life, so—"

"Well, I am sorry, Ted. But he wrote to you and made the journey to Florida, so he must be better." That means Christmas at school." Ted nodded. "Say, I say, come home with me. Mother and Dad will be delighted, not to mention my sisters and myself. Come with me, do."

"Aw," hesitated Ted, though a longing note crept in that boyish "aw."

"Come," urged Rob. Mother said I should bring some fellow with me. I would not leave you here for a fortune. So, of course, you will come with me?"

"All right; I will. It is mighty kind of you. Thanks, old fellow," said Ted to Rob, extending his hand, which was heartily shaken.

"By the way, you can find some old Annuals down stairs that might give you some idea of what is usually written," remarked Rob a few minutes later when they had settled down for work.

When Ralph Kuhns left the boys that evening he knew that Ted Merrill was not going to write a theme, so he decided to write one. "I can at least do something without Merrill to interfere," he growled to himself. After supper he went to the library to look for reference on the life of Julius Cæsar. On opening the book he found the place marked with a scrap of paper, which he unconsciously kept in his hand. After finishing the article he decided to look over some old Annuals. "Hm-m-m, 'When the Swede Won.' Looks good. Hello! written in '87. A fellow might copy this, hand it in, win the prize and never get caught. Believe I will take a few notes for future reference." So saying he spread out the paper in his hand. Theodore Merrill—History. When Cæsar entered—. "Ted said he would not write. I might hand this theme, 'When the Swede Won,' in and make the faculty catch

him for cheating. I'll get even for his working up the captaincy of the team for himself."

Picking up the Annual he took it to his room. It so happened Karl Lind, Ralph's roommate, was not in, as it was some time before the retiring bell. Quickly Ralph copied the theme and began to imitate the writing of Merrill from the scrap of paper. Ralph was an expert writer so he soon made a fair copy of Merrill's clear, precise hand. He had turned to his Chemistry text-book when he heard Karl coming down the hall; so hastily closing the Annual, with the paper in it, he put the book in his suit-case just in time, for Karl burst into the room.

The few remaining days of college passed quickly. One afternoon, acting on Rob's advice, Ted went to the library to look over the Annuals. In his search he came upon the one placed there by Ralph. "Jove!" he remarked, "wonder who wrote this: 'When the Swede Won?' Pretty good tale. It seems to me I shall never be able to write a theme, ugh! '87, '87, I might copy this one; hand it in and win. Dad wants me to win and, my goodness, I can't write a theme. Believe I will copy it; at any rate I might add to it and win." As he was alone he copied the story, put it in his pocket and left the room, thinking no more about it.

On the twenty-third of December Rob and Ted boarded the Pullman for Lennox. Many people paused in their holiday bustle to glance at the bright, boyish faces. The one so dark, making a strong contrast with Ted's red hair and fair skin. The Christmas spirit was abroad, every one looked happy, tho' many were tired. Wherever the train stopped people with holly and packages got aboard. A flaky snow, which had begun in the morning, was fast covering the pines and spruces, making a pure mantle over the earth for the King's Birthday.

Dusk was coming on and the lights from the farm houses fell on the snowy fields, when the boys came to Lennox. Robert's father met them with the high-back sleigh. The moment

Ted heard Mr. Travill's hearty welcome all doubts that might have assailed him about his welcome fled.

As the sleigh, drawn by a spirited bay, flew over the snowy roads, Mr. Travill questioned the boys as to their school work.

"A fine foot-ball record, Merrill," he remarked. "I guess your father is proud of you."

"Thank you, sir; Dad was delighted." As he was the captain of the eleven two seasons.

"Say, father," broke in Rob, "I'm trying for the hockey team."

"Good, son! I am delighted!"

"Yes," added Ted, "I would not be surprised if Rob became Captain." At which Rob's manly face grew a shade redder than wintry winds cause.

When they reached the Travill home Mrs. Travill and Robert's twin sisters, Constance and Prudence, met them on the broad colonial porch.

"My dear boy, I am so glad to see you," said Mrs. Travill, kissing him fondly. "You too, Mr. Merrill, I am so glad to have you with us for your vacation."

"Thank you. I was delighted to come, you may be sure."

"Since no one will introduce us, we must do it ourselves—Prudence and Constance Travill," said the twins in one breath. "U. S. A., Lennox, Massachusetts," added Prue.

"Charmed to meet you, I am sure," drawled Ted as he bent over the slender hands of the twins.

When the greetings were over, they all went into the house laughing and talking merrily.

"You boys may go to your rooms to dress for dinner. Dinner is at six-thirty," remarked Mrs. Travill quietly after a time.

Ted found a large room luxuriously furnished, with a private bath. "Bully," he murmured. Finishing dressing he sat down to think over his theme notes. All was going splendidly, the copied theme scarcely recognizable. Suddenly he glanced at the clock, which was twenty minutes after six, so he started down stairs. In the hall he met the twins; follow-

ing the familiar manner with which he started, he entered the drawing-room with a twin, fresh and sweet, on each arm. Rob accused him of flirting with Con.

"Never shall you enter this house again, thou villain, if I find you flirting with my sister." Rob stormed. "Come here, sweetling." Taking Con he led the way to the dining-room. At the table the discussion of the themes for the Hampton Hall Annual arose.

"I recall," remarked Mr. Travill, "an incident of my college days. One of the boys, rich but dull and lazy, had a grudge against one of his mates who was especially brilliant, the latter afterwards winning the valedictory. The former copied a theme, sent it in and won the prize. The other boy's disappointment I shall never forget. I afterwards learned that his mother went without coal that month, because they were too poor to buy it when he lost the gold of the prize."

"Dad, is that true?" inquired Rob.

"Most assuredly. I know the people."

"Father, I don't see how that lazy cheat could have acted thus. It was so terribly wrong. The cheat!" said Con, indignantly.

During the discussion, and all the evening, Ted felt like a criminal, for he had copied a theme though he had not handed it in. By copying that theme he might harm some needy one. "A cheat!" rang in his ears. That evening he fought the battle out. Harm might never come, but it was terribly wrong. "Cheat, cheat," again and again Con's words rang in his ears. So alone Ted fought. He had better be right than win, still—. Finally, the right conquered in a battle many a lad has lost. The right is best, even tho' a prize of gold is lost.

The weeks that followed were ones of great joy—the twins being the gayest of companions. The day before Christmas they all went for pine and other holiday greens. As the twins were expert skiers, they had great fun on the hills about Lennox. The night after Christmas the twins gave a dancing party. Fortunately, Ted danced well, so he enjoyed the party thoroughly. Pretty girls flourished at Lennox and,

I fear, Ted found "sitting out" as much pleasure as dancing. Ah Ted! New Year's Eve the four made resolutions. When it came Ted's turn he wrote: "Resolved, I shall never cheat." "Ho, that's not fair, 'cause you never do!" exclaimed Prue, then blushing at her statement, to Rob's infinite amusement.

At the end of two weeks the boys returned to Hampton Hall. Somehow Ted had managed to write his theme, so shortly after his return laid it on the professor's desk. Ralph Kuhns also handed in a theme with Ted Merrill's name signed to it.

One morning after chapel, Professor Duke said, "Theodore Merrill is requested to go to the office at once." In dismay Ted went to the office of Professor Harrington.

"Sir, you sent for me."

"Yes; on a very serious matter. Why did you send two themes to the faculty?"

"I—I only sent in one, sir."

"So? I was surprised to see two in your name, especially as one was copied. It so happened that I was the author of 'When the Swede Won,' myself. To make sure I looked in the Annual and found your name, in your writing, on this paper," holding up the scrap of paper from which Ralph had copied Ted's writing. "Of course, the other theme cannot be published, though it was the best," he added.

"Truly, sir; I only hand in one. Surely some one else—"

"You would blame another? Who, sir? This is a grave offense."

"No, I know no one to blame, but I did not do it."

"I hope not; I will look into the matter again. Good-day!"

When Ted left the office the blood was pounding his ears. How was it the faculty should receive two themes in his name? All day he pondered the question. His recitations were unusually poor. Professor Hiller scowled over his trans-

lation, while Professor Duke remarked about "his astounding dullness over such a simple example in calculus."

After the recitation Ted started for the postoffice in hopes of finding some mail from Florida. As it was quite dusk when he started for the Dormitory, he decided to make the short cut. When nearing the lake on which they played hockey, where the ice was thin, he espied a lone skater coming toward him. "Stop! Hi! Stop!" he shouted, but too late. Hearing the warning the boy looked up; the ice broke; he sank from sight. Quick as a flash Teddy grabbed a hockey stick lying near and held it out to the figure when he came up. The boy grasped it with all his power and, in some manner, Ted managed to draw him ashore.

"Ralph Kuhns," he murmured.

"Ted," his voice broke, "How could you save me after all the wrong I have done to you?"

"What wrong, boy?" puzzled Ted.

"I handed in the copied theme, 'When the Swede Won,' and signed your name. I hoped to get even with you for all your slights and victories over me. Now you save my life. Oh, Ted, forgive me!" he ended, miserably.

"Surely. Here's my hand."

In silence the boys shook hands; the silent feud was over.

"Ralph, will you make it right with the faculty?"

"Y—y—es, yes I will do all I can to make it right for you, Ted!"

Suppose we open the mail sent some days later from Hampton Hall to Florida. In one letter we find a sentence that closes the story:

"Dear Dad—I won the prize!" —*Katherine Koller, '20.*

SOCIAL



SOCIETY HAPPENINGS.

THE SENIOR HALLOWEEN PARTY.

The Senior Halloween Party was held October 24 at Hawkins Academy. The guests were all masked and many grotesque and fancy costumes were found.

Dancing was the principal diversion. Mrs. Roeliff Brinkerhoff, Jr., and Miss Stella Bowers honored us by acting as chaperones. Refreshments, in keeping with the season, were served later in the evening.

JUNIOR PARTY.

The first Junior party was held the latter part of November at Hawkins Academy. There was a good representation of the Junior class present. Dancing and cards provided the entertainment. Light refreshments were served during the course of the evening.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR RECEPTION.

The Junior-Senior Reception was held March 30 in the High School. The color scheme of the evening was yellow and white and the halls were beautifully decorated. "Mice and Men" was given by the members of the Junior class, which took our thoughts back to the time of our grandparents.

The music was furnished by our High School orchestra. The grand march followed the play and the guests were seated at small tables on the first floor, where refreshments were served. The second floor, in front of study 2, was furnished with rockers and comfortable chairs. Victrola music and a social time was enjoyed by all.

DRAMATICS.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

The Senior Literary Society was organized with Clemant Ballantine, President; Vera Smythe, Vice President; Glenn Bierly, Treasurer and Secretary.

The meetings were held in the evenings, at which the programs consisted of musical and reading selections, and one evening a mock trial was staged. The society was under the direction of Miss Patterson.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

This Society was organized with Ralph Allenbaugh as President; Russel Algers, Vice President; Sadie Bein, Secretary, and Herman Brunk, Treasurer.

So far as any one knows, no meetings were held. Some say cold weather was the cause; others don't know why.

At the Reception the clever play, "Mice and Men," was given, in which the following starred:

Joanna Goodlake.....	Margaret Cramer
Mark Embury	Maurice Rice
Roger Goodlake.....	Russel Moore
Capt. George Lovell.....	Robert Campbell
Harry Trimblestone	Herman Brunk
Kit Barniger.....	Frank Lee
Peter.....	Robert Bissel
Mrs. Deborah.....	Martha Poole
Peggy (Cherry Dell).....	Helen Race
Matron of Foundling Hospital	Margaret Downs
Supt. of Foundling Hospital.....	Ralph Allenbaugh
Foundlings.	Masqueraders.

Mary Maglott	Helen Wallace
Hazel Hetler	Gerald Wilson
Harriet Ackaman	Barney Banks
Helen Race	Cecil Banks
Margaret Miller	Howard Miller
Dorothy Goetz	and
Ruth McClellan	Foundlings.

THE SENIOR PLAY.

The cast for the Senior Play has been chosen. The play to be given is "The Man of the Hour." The following is the cast:

Alwyn Bennet	Russel Blair
Chas. Wainwright.....	Glenn Bierly
Scott G. Gibbs	Law. Bergstrom
Richard Haigan.....	Roy Craig
James Phelan.....	Arquette Rust
Perry Carter Wainwright	Paul Stoodt
Judge Newman.....	Paul Maxwell
Henry Thompson.....	Sam Isaly
Richard P. Roberts (Ingram)	Efflo Plazer
Henry Williams.....	Doyle Parsons
Mills, the Butler	John Feeney
Arthur Payne.....	
Dallas Wainwright.....	Helen Miller
Ogothia Garrison	Clara Fernyak
Mrs. Bennet.....	Merciell Campbell

M. H. S. CARNIVAL.

Our Carnival was held in the afternoon and evening of December 15. Everyone came for a good time and had it. One of the most educational places was the Physics Laboratory, where several Senior boys gave an electrical display. Gypsies, Japanese girls, and wild men, were frequently found among the crowd.

The money received was used for the purpose of buying pictures, which were badly needed. We thank all those who helped and took part to make our Carnival the huge success it was.



REVIEW OF THE 1916 FOOT-BALL SEASON.

The foot-ball season of 1916 was a success, and the prospects for the 1917 season are very bright with nine (9) letter men back.

A new feature was introduced this year, when practice was held a week before school began, at Lake Chippewa. On the first day of practice 27 candidates reported; the good material promised a successful season.

In the opening game with Greenwich, Mansfield won 8--0. The defensive playing of the team against some of the best offensive playing that was met all season was excellent.

The next Saturday we met Ashland and won 12--0. This was one of the best games of the season. The whole team played a good game and Angle and Hawk were especially good on the defensive. The largest crowd of the season attended this game.

The following Saturday the team was defeated by Mt. Vernon 13--12. Mansfield entered the game over confident, and, as result, Mt. Vernon piled up 13 points in the first half. Mansfield came back strong in the second half and scored two touchdowns. Craig and King played a good game for Mansfield.

Marion was defeated the next Saturday 26--13. The offensive playing of the team was excellent, especially that of Bergstrom. Angle played a fine defensive game.

The following Saturday we were defeated by Columbus East High School 41--0. Mansfield was completely outplayed.

The next Saturday was the same story. Oberlin defeated us 28--0. Mansfield played a much better game than score shows. Maxwell played a fine defensive game.

The hardest practices of the season were held during the next week, and on November 13 we tied the strong Fostoria team 13--13. At the end of the first half the score was 13--0 against us. The second half was a different story, Fostoria's defense, which had been strong up to this time, crumbled before Mansfield's fast and hard offensive playing. In the third quarter Mansfield scored two touchdowns and during the balance of the game we were on the offensive. King's and Bergstrom's playing was especially good, but credit should be given the whole team for it's excellent work.

The next two regular games were cancelled, but a game was played with Lexington the next week. Mansfield won 33--0.

The final game of the season was played with the Alumni on Thanksgiving day. Contrary to the "dope" the team completely outplayed the Alumni and won 41--0. The Alumni could not advance the ball at all, until the final quarter when a number of substitutes were playing for the High School. Stoodt, and Craig especially, played a fine game.

In looking back over the work of each member of the team it must be said that every member played his best, and there was not a speck of "yellow" displayed during the entire season.

Mansfield vs. Greenwich. Mansfield vs. Ashland. Mansfield vs. Mt. Vernon

Score 8—0.

L. E. Maxwell
L. T. Imhoff
L. G. Campbell
C. Hawk
R. G. Brunk
R. T. Angle
R. E. Kent
Q. King x
R. H. Upson
L. H. Bissell
F. B. Craig
x Touchdown.

Score 12—0

L. E. Maxwell
L. T. Imhoff
L. G. Watts
C. Hawk
R. G. Brunk
R. T. Anglex
R. E. Stoodt
Q. King
R. H. Upson x
L. H. Bergstrom
F. B. Craig

Score—12—13.

L. E. Maxwell
L. T. Imhoff
L. G. Campbell-Watts
C. Hawk
R. G. O'Donnell
R. T. Angle
R. E. Stoodt
Q. King x
R. H. Upson
L. H. Bergstrom
F. B. Craig x

Mansfield vs. Marion

Score 26—13

L. E. Maxwell
L. T. Imhoff
L. G. Campbell
C. Hawk
R. G. O'Donnell
R. T. Angle x
R. E. Stoodt
Q. King
R. H. Pealer
L. H. Bergstrom xxx
F. B. Craig

Mansfield vs. Col. E. H. S.

Score 0—41

L. E. Maxwell
L. T. Imhoff
L. G. Campbell
C. Hawk
R. G. O'Donnell
R. T. Angle
R. E. Atton
Q. King
R. H. Kohler
L. H. Bergstrom
F. B. Craig

Mansfield vs. Oberlin

Score 0—26

L. E. Maxwell
L. T. Upson
L. G. Campbell
C. Hawk
R. G. O'Donnell
R. T. Angle
R. E. Stoodt
Q. King
R. H. Bissel
L. H. Bergstrom
F. B. Craig.

Mansfield vs. Fostoria.

Score 13—13

L. E. Maxwell
L. T. Upson
L. G. O'Donnell
C. Hawk
R. G. Brunk
R. T. Angle
R. E. Stoodt
Q. King x
R. H. Pealer
L. H. Bergstrom
F. B. Craig

Mansfield vs. Lexington.

Score 35—0.

L. E. Uhlich
L. T. Craig x
L. G. O'Donnell
C. Hawk
R. G. Brunk
R. T. Angle x
R. E. Kohler
Q. Bissell x
R. H. Imhoff
L. H. Bergstrom x
F. B. Pealer x

Mansfield vs. Alumni

Score 41—0

L. E. Maxwell
L. T. Upson
L. G. O'Donnell
C. Hawk
R. G. Brunk
R. T. Angle
R. E. Stoodt x
Q. Bissell
R. H. Pealer
L. H. Bergstrom xx
F. B. Craig xx

Mansfield.....	8	Greenwich.....	0
Mansfield.....	12	Ashland.....	0
Mansfield.....	12	Mt. Vernon.....	12
Mansfield.....	26	Marion.....	13
Mansfield.....	0	Columbus E. H. S.....	41
Mansfield.....	0	Oberlin.....	26
Mansfield.....	13	Fostoria.....	13
Mansfield.....	35	Lexington.....	0
Mansfield.....	41	Alumni.....	0
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Mansfield.....	147	Opponents.....	106

SECOND TEAM

The second team this year was one of the best we ever had. The success of the varsity was brought about to a large extent by the efforts of its members.

Among the stars on the first line reserves were Kalbfleisch, Uhlich, DeWitt, Bob Atton, Coss, Frank Lee and Matz. Uhlich acted as Captain of the Reserves.

It is hoped that in the future some system will be inaugurated by which members of the second team will receive a letter, or their numerals for their efforts.

Name	Age	Weight	Height	Touch downs X	Class	Position
Imhoff.....	17	140	5.8	0	18	T. & H.
Hawk.....	18	175	6.1	1	17	C.
Maxwell.....	17	155	5.10	0	17	E.
Stoodt.....	16	146	5.8½	1	17	E.
O'Donnell.....	17	152	5.9	0	18	G.
Upson.....	17	170	6.0	1	17	T. & H.
Brunk.....	16	153	5.9	0	18	G.
Angle.....	15	160	5.9	3	18	T.
Campbell.....	16	168	5.10	0	18	G.
King.....	17	140	5.6	3	—	Q.
Bissell.....	17	140	5.5½	1	18	Q. & H.
Craig.....	19	173	5.7	4	17	F.
Bergstorm.....	18	150	5.7½	7	17	H.
Pealer.....	17	170	6.	1	18	F.
Kohler.....	18	140	5.8	0	18	H.
Watts.....	14	144	5.8	0	20	G.
<hr/>						
	Average Age	Average Height	Average Weight			
	17	155	5.9			



FOOT BALL TEAM

REVIEW OF THE 1916-1917 BASKET-BALL SEASON

The 1916-1917 basket-ball season was very successful. Besides winning all the games played on the home floor, the "North Western Championship" was won.

Practice started several weeks before Christmas vacation, and a large number came out for the team. Matz was chosen Captain shortly after the season began.

The first game was played with the Alumni, during the holidays. The High School won 60—41. Murphy and Atton both played a good game.

In the next game, with Marion, the playing of both teams was very good, but the High School was just a little bit too fast for their opponents and won, 38—33. Matz and Murphy did most of the scoring for Mansfield.

The next week Mansfield defeated Bucyrus 41—20. Although Mansfield won by a good score, the playing of the team was rather slow.

The game with Ashland was a fast one, as both teams played their best. Mansfield won 44—24. The large crowd gave a great deal of encouragement to the team. Atton and Bergstrom both put up a fine game.

The team played Oberlin the following week and was defeated. The game ended with the score 32—27 against us. Those who saw the game said Mansfield was the better of the two teams.

A return game was played with Marion the next week in which Mansfield was defeated, the score being 35—29.

One of the best games of the season was that with Mt. Vernon, which the High School won 41—39. The playing of the team was fine, and especially that of Matz, Bergstrom and Coss.

On the return game with Ashland the latter team won 28—26. A large crowd of students went over to Ashland to

see the game. Bergstrom and Matz played a good game for Mansfield.

In the game with Norwalk, Mansfield was defeated 18—58, although the team put up a good game. They were not able to stop their fast opponents.

Mansfield defeated Delaware the following week 27—19. The playing of the team was slow, and if it had not been for Coss, Mansfield would probably have been defeated.

The showing of the team in the Delaware tournament was rather disappointing, as Barberton defeated us 22—12 in the first game. While at Delaware the team defeated Huntsville 44—19. Hawk played well in both games.

The night before the Mt. Vernon game the High School easily defeated Crestline, 40—5. Crestline never had a chance from start to finish.

The following night Mt. Vernon defeated the High School 52—18, in a return game. The Mansfield forwards were guarded very close, and, as a result, they failed to score often, while on the other hand the guarding of the High School was poor.

Mansfield displayed the best form of the season when it defeated the strong Norwalk team 24—23. The game was fast and the score close at all times. The team deserves great credit for winning this game, as Norwalk was considered one of the best teams in Ohio this year.

The playing of the team in the Tiffin tournament was excellent. In the first game Mansfield defeated Fremont 24—11; in the second game Tiffin was defeated 23—13. Bucyrus was defeated in the finals of the Eastern division. In the semi-finals for the Northwestern Championship, Mansfield defeated Toledo Waite Reserves 19—18. The playing of team in

this game was fine. Coss and Bergstrom both played a very strong game. In the finals Archibold was defeated 23-21. This was one of the most exciting games of the season. Matz and Hawk each played a strong game.

The High School was defeated in the final game of the season by the Alumni 38-30. The Alumni team was made up of such men as Henry, Tressel, Marquis, Leuthner and Hosler. The High School put up an excellent game against their heavier and more experienced opponents. Hawk played the strongest game for the High School, while Henry played the best game for the Alumni.

M. MEN BASKET BALL.

	Age	Height	W'ght	Total Points	Position
Matz,	17	5.11	140	180	Forward
Bergstrom,	19	5.90	150	41	Guard
Coss,	14	5.10	128	86	Forward
Hawk,	18	6.02	175	126	Center
Maxwell,	17	5.11	160	30	Guard & Forw'd
Campbell,	17	5.11	165	4	Guard
Average	17	5.11	153		

GAMES

Mansfield	Points	Opponents	Points
Mansfield - - -	60	Alumni - - -	41
Mansfield - - -	38	Marion - - -	33
Mansfield - - -	41	Bucyrus - - -	20
Mansfield - - -	44	Ashland - - -	24
Mansfield - - -	27	Oberlin - - -	32
Mansfield - - -	29	Marion - - -	35
Mansfield - - -	41	Mt. Vernon - - -	39
Mansfield - - -	26	Ashland - - -	28
Mansfield - - -	18	Norwalk - - -	58
Mansfield - - -	27	Delaware - - -	19
Mansfield - - -	12	Barberton - - -	22
Mansfield - - -	44	Huntsville - - -	19
Mansfield - - -	40	Crestline - - -	5
Mansfield - - -	18	Mt. Vernon - - -	52
Mansfield - - -	24	Norwalk - - -	23
Mansfield - - -	24	Fremont - - -	11
Mansfield - - -	23	Tiffin - - -	13
Mansfield - - -	18	Bucyrus - - -	16
Mansfield - - -	19	Toledo Waite Res. - - -	18
Mansfield - - -	23	Archibold - - -	21
Mansfield - - -	30	Alumni - - -	36
	626		565

	Matz	Murphy	Maxwell	Coss	Bergstrom	Atton	Hawk	Sutherland	Kohler	Campbell
1. Alumni	9	26			2	14		0	10	0
2. Marion	12	18	10		0	6			2	
3. Bucyrus	9	12			2	8	10			0
4. Ashland.....	10		6		2	18	8			
5. Oberlin	7	16			2	0	2			
6. Marion	11		6	6	4	2				
7. Mt. Vernon	19		0	12	2	8				
8. Ashland.....	12		0	0	6	4	4			
9. Norwalk.....	8			2	0	6	2	0		
10. Delaware.....	11		0	8	0	4	4	0		
11. Barberton	4		0	2	0	0	6	0		
12. Huntsville.....	11		0	11	0	2	20	0		
13. Crestline*	0		12	0	4		20	2		2
14. Mt. Vernon	4		6	4	0		2	0		0
15. Norwalk.....	6			2	6		8			2
16. Fremont	12			2	2		8			0
17. Tiffin	4		0	11	2		6			0
18. Bucyrus	10		0	3	3		2			0
19. Toledo Waite Res.....	6			7	2		4			0
20. Archibold	8			7	0		8			0
21. Alumni.....	7		0	9	2		12			0
Total.....	180	71	30	86	41	72	126	2	12	4

* Ted Bergstrom and John Kramer, each, made a "basket" in this game. The points were credited to other members of the team.

MANAGERS

Mr. Clark was Faculty Manager this year and is to be congratulated on the able manner in which he handled things.

Efflo Plazer held the position of Student Manager. "Doc" took care of the sale of tickets, etc., very well.

COACHES

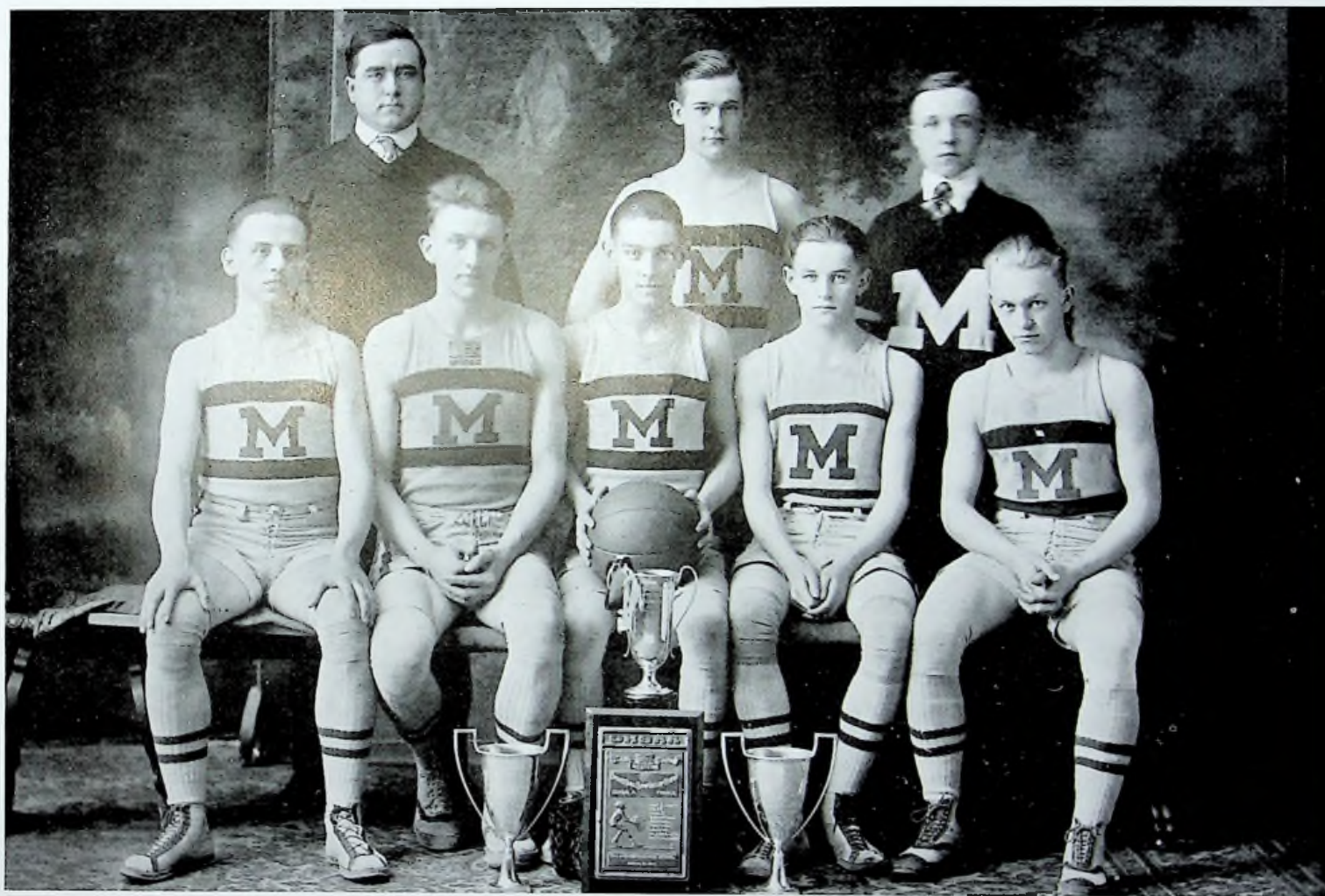
Mr. Patton, who has coached the athletic teams at the High School for the past three years, was again in charge this year. If any man can make the fellows work and turn out good teams, "Pat" certainly can.

Mr. Davis and Mr. Kemp were out nearly every night helping Patton. Both have had experience in coaching and were a great help to the team.

Mr. Ward spent much of his spare time on the foot-ball field last fall.

BASEBALL AND TENNIS

As this book goes to press there are hopes of having a baseball team, and also a tennis tournament this spring. There is no reason why we should not have both, as this High School is large enough to furnish good material, and support.



BASKET BALL TEAM

HISTORY OF KAMP CHIP

Now in the days of Woodrow the Wise it came to pass that H. Phillipius Pattonius, worthy trainer of Mudfield gladiators of the Mansfield High School, betook himself with a goodly number of his warriors to the lake which men call Chippewa. And they numbered four and twenty. And among them were such noted personages as Uppy the Toad, Terrible Tim, Arba the Fair and King Dodo the Red.

And the innkeeper at Chippewa rejoiced greatly at the approach of the band, for thereby might he gain many shining shekels wherewith to grace his coffers. And he did giggle and rub his hands, and, upon second thought, did hide the sum and total of his valuables and breakables in the cellar.

And the fair hostess did conduct them to the Wade Inn, but from within came the odors like unto those arising from the home of the portly porker, and the warriors politely declined.

Then did they occupy two cottages upon the banks of the lake. Thus ended the first day.

And on the evening of the first day the innkeeper commanded to turn on the light, but there was no light, for misplaced punts and passes had blinked the bulbs. And the warriors did occupy themselves with games and at the hour of twelve did hit the cornhusks.

And in the wee sma' hours of the morning was there much bellowing like unto the famous Stock Yard Chorus singing "Die Wacht am Rhein," for many a one did receive a shoe upon the pate, or perhaps a refreshing glass of ice water to cool him after the day's work.

And one, Weenie, on the first night did accompany a fair (?) damsel chezelle and was forced by the hard-hearted warriors to remain without 'til morn.

Early did the warriors arise and at the musical peal of the hash bell did hasten to grub. And the waitresses were, as the plebians say, "some class," the illusion, probably, being heightened by the magnificent fodder which was served.

And, thereafter each day was taken up with the routine of rising, feeding, practice, swimming, boating, tennis, walks, dancing, fishing and many other diversions.

And many journeys were taken by the gang. Famous among these are the trips of Reddius King and Arthuria to Medina.

And, thereunto, we add these chronicles:

Upon the event of the waitress handing his pie to Terrible Tim, the Fair Arba did utter "bonehead." The waitress, thinking it applied to her, attempted to starve him the rest of the week.

Upon a marauding expedition during the night, Tim Murphy was chased from Tom O'Donnell's room by a flat-iron, luckily winning by a hair's breadth.

The damsels were as scarce as hen's teeth.

Among the neighbors there was great weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, for the lusty-lunged warriors howled all night.

Red King slept for a while with a piece of ice. Upon awaking he stated—?—?—?—!

The general store did a rushing business while the gang was there.

As the gang in No. 1 were getting ready to drop P. N. Watts in the drink the worthy H. P. P. appeared on the scene and spoiled the show.



The successful organization of our music this year is due largely to the untiring and unceasing work of Mr. Carmine, who volunteered his services in the absence of Mr. Frost. We herein wish to extend our thanks to him in behalf of the entire school.

Miss Marguerite Merkel has served as pianist this year and has most ably filled the position.



THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club is a new institution this year and promises to rival even that of the girls. Their talent was made manifest at our festival.



THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Miss Leonard has made it possible for us to have a Girls' Glee Club this year. She has worked hard and earnestly using much of her spare time for this organization. The girls have shown remarkable ability under her leadership.



THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra is bigger and better than ever this year. All have been faithful at rehearsals and are a credit to the school.





Football Team at Chippewa Lake



"Give 'em the axe"



UPSON
Captain '16



ANGLE
Captain '17



MATZ
Captain '16-17



Lady
Macbeth



The Joke Department has done its best.
 It has worked very hard with a great deal of zest.
 Now don't get offended or angry or rude
 For we really haven't money enough to be sued.
 But just please remember we've not meant to offend
 And only some smiles in your faces to send.
 If you find a few grinds you've no doubt read before,
 We beg you don't say the whole thing's a bore,
 But, just merely glance in your own empty head
 And then just try and tell what better you'd said.
 Lo, if perchance, a thought there could be found
 I might be such a change as to you quite astound.
 So down with your frowns and noses so high
 For we don't give a care or one little sigh.
 We entreat you, however, lay aside icy stares;
 For the Joke Department's had its measure of cares.—

Joke Editors.

Abe Hawk—"I'll race you 25 feet."
 Girard K.—"Naw. You wouldn't have to do nothin' but fall
 down."
 Miss Brightman—"You may scan the third line, Robert, and
 be sure to make your feet prominent."
 The trumpet will sound once more at general doom—

June Exams.

Mr. Davis in Chapel—"I want the ears of all the pupils of the
 school."

"Failed in Latin, flunked in Math,"
 They heard him softly hiss,
 "I'd like to find the guy who said
 That ignorance is bliss."

Teacher:—"Give me an example of a double negative."

Pupil:—"I don't know none."

Teacher:—"Correct."

EXPENSE ACCOUNT OF STAFF

Editor's Salary	\$23,974.68
Money lost by Business Manager	2,987.33
Refreshments after meetings	301.26
Ink wasted by Art Editor.....	79.52
Chewing Gum for Staff	13.49
Stationery.....	11.99
Printing.....	4.86
213 boxes Marigold Chocolates.....	167.04
Receipts	\$27,540.17
Kindly contributed by friends of Staff.....	\$ 89.11
For privilege of contributing.....	976.43
Advertising.....	2,894.15
	\$ 3,959.69
Deficit	\$23,413.44

OUR HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES

Hurrah for the SENIORS our very best class.
For each good laddie there's a pretty little lass.
They do very fine work,
And ten dollars I'll bet.
They're the very best SENIORS our High Schools' had yet
Then next comes the JUNIORS,
A class with much PEP
For all the good school rules they have perfectly kept
As sports we're not in it
Oh! the JUNIORS for fun.
For they're the best JUNIORS under the sun.
Next are the Sophomores,
As big as you please,
They think when they pass you, they're the whole cheese
But that is only their natural way,
Yet there are plenty of good things to say.
Then next the poor Freshies,
So bashful and green.
'Tis true only too often (seldom)
They hate to be seen.

(Excited Freshman in Office) I want a Blue Bird.
(Mr. Davis seriously) My gracious boy! What do you think
this is, a menagerie?

In English:

Miss Connett—"All hawks are birds.
Peg Cramer—(Thinking of Abe) "No, all of them aren't"

Mrs. Wagner—(in the study room the day of the Ashland
Game, after Arba Hawk had been roaming around a-
while.) "Now that's alright Arba is going to play in the
game tonight and he's afraid he will get stiff if he sits
still too long."

Sophomore:—"There goes Eta Fox.
Freshie:—"Who 'et" a fox?

In Miss Moore's Algebra class:

M. M. Working problem on board concerning inches
and feet she did not mark her problem.
T. S. said "She forgot to put her feet on the board.

Roy Craig in Senior English:

"When John Bunyan was married, he and his wife
didn't even have a spoon!"

Miss Ruess in German Class:

"When you're formal, you use "dir"
Lucile Gorman aside; No, when you're familiar you use
dear.

Miss Ruess--In Senior German class:

"A few old women must be put in the dative case.

WHY SHE CHANGED HER MIND

I will tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
He is neither white nor yellow,
But he is altogether green.

His name is nothing charming,
It is only common Bill;
Now he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.

He came last night to see me,
And he made so long a stay
I began to think the "Blockhead,"
Never meant to go away.

And the tears the creature wasted
Were enough to turn a mill,
As he begged me to accept him
But I do not think I will.

Now I know that I'd not choose him,
But that I'm fairly "in it;"
For he says if I refuse him
That he cannot live a minute.

And you know that the Commandments
Plainly say "we must not kill;"
So I've thought the matter over
And—I rather think I will. P. S.

P. M. in English:—"Out of 5 electors, 8 died."

Fall from a rock and break your neck,
Fall in the ocean from the deck,
Fall from the heaven far above,
But never, never fall in LOVE

—Florence Morris

Miss Patterson:—"Sterling who was Wm. Tyndall?"

Sterling Ayers:—"Why-ah-he was a man."

Miss P.—"My you have a vivid imagination."

Hale R. in Freshman English after giving description of
sleighride—"Well that's about all."

Miss S.—"Was there any sky?"

H. R.—I didn't notice."

Haryey Bushnell in Latin: (Speaking of genders:)
"What would you say if it was a little baby."

Seniors! Seniors! hold your tongue

You were a Freshie
When you were young.

A freshy is always a book
His head is the shape of a cube
His litters the floor;
Is a general bore:
We don't like your style Oh! you Rube!

WANTED—Letter (from Bucyrus) Lillian Vinson.

A Date: Louise Dickey.

A Divorce: Howard Marquis & Katherine Willis

A Marriage License: Tom Ford & Katherine Willis

A Dark Corner: Ruth Helter & John Krum.

LATEST DICTIONARY.

Flunker—One who is inexperienced in the art of bluffing.

Bluffing:—Making something out of nothing. Recitation
without preparation.

Athletics:—An excuse for flunking.

Student:—One who knows how to study, but doesn't have to.

Principal:—Man to whom you lie, and then get mad because
he don't believe you.

G. Kochheiser in English History:

"A French Royal girl sold Joan of Arc for 2000 pounds.

Roy Craig:—Some Girl.

In nineteen hundred and about thirteen

A bug toiling up to the steps was seen

It entered the H. S. of which we are proud

But soon it got lost in the midst of the crowd.

In a year from that time we found it again

But it seemed to have grown to about 4 feet 10

So much greater and larger than ever before

It had to use almost a twice bigger door.

After that in the year nineteen hundred fifteen

It called itself Junior not hard to be seen

And it gave several parties and dances galore

About seventy or eighty; but at that perhaps more.

The last year it came here in 1916

It rushed thru the halls all fussed it would seem

And talked of the Freshies, and infants all

Of their tests and of college that began in the fall.

The best of the year was the J.-S. Reception
In fact it was certainly beyond all conception
To see how these infants the poor little things
Could prepare entertainment fit for a king.

Of course in the spring the best time of the year
These former bugs thot of commencement so near,
And this is the class that leaves all just like heaven
For this is the class of dear 1-9-1-7.

My love is young and fair;
My love has light brown hair,
And eyes of blue,
And heart so true,
That none with her compare.

(Fond reflections by———)

“Could I change the color of my eyes—I would be some disciplinarian.
—*Maurice Wells.*”

Theresa L., translating German, “Herman got into the carriage, took the whip and tolled through the doorway.”

Miss Ruess, speaking of the German grammar: “You have too many feet there.”

Miss Ort can write three distinct hands:

1. One that everybody can read.
2. One that she only can read.
3. One that nobody can read.

Efflo P. (translating German): “Hey! She didn’t wear a skirt. It says here, the hem of her skirt was frilled with ruffles.”

Miss Patterson (explaining Macbeth): “Hell is murky. Who can explain that?”

Paul Stoodt: “I dont know; I have never been there.”

A girl, so sweet,
Tripped down the street;
It was an icy day.
She went too fast,
She slipped, alas!

—————! ! ? ?

’Twas the end of a perfect day! ! ? ?

Mr. Beer: “Helen Race, what is meant by concentrated solution?”

Helen: “I don’t know.”

Mr. Beer: Don’t know? Did you ever hear the word ‘concentrate’ before?”

Helen: “Yes, it means to put your mind on it.”

Mr. Beer: “Then, to you, a concentrated solution is, evidently, one that you put your mind on.”

Hen Moore (calling up Mabel B. on phone): “Hello, got a date for tonight? Well, I’ll be right over.”

Pauline Kleinfelter: “Is there a hyphen between to-day and to-morrow?”

If a grasswidower married an old grasswidow would their children be called grasshoppers?

J. Bear: (As Connie Gilkison explains the force pump.) “Do you see that?” Clem Ballentine: “I cant see his figure.”

MOVIE PLAYS.

Intolerance	Miss Padgett
The Revolt	In Study 1
The Storm	After Exams.
The Little Liar.....	Often found in M. H. S.
Height of Happiness.....	95 on Grade Card
Blind Justice.....	In M. H. S.
Honorable Friend.....	Mr. Davis
The Alibi.....	Used for Excuses
Common Ground.....	M. H. S.
Dawn of Freedom	Graduation
The Kid.....	The Freshie
Gretchen, the Greenhorn	Another Freshie
Public Opinion.....	Of M. H. S.

Mr. Zerby, breaking into a committee meeting, asked:
"What are you doing in here, anyhow?"

Bob Funston: "Deciding on the winner of the European war."

Mr. Zerby: "You don't expect me to wait, do you?"

What would you think if—

Frances S. stopped chewing gum.

Mr. Ward got a wife.

Louise Geisman went home with the girls.

Maurice Wells could convince Efflo.

Peg Thorne stopped talking.

Roy Lindsley made goo-goo eyes at the girls.

Heard in American History.—Vi:(who was giving a report on Jackson's life) "Just before he was married in 1789 he won a big case and—" (She sat down and wondered why the people laughed.)

Miss Ort: "When do you use damit?"

Bob Morris: "When you hit your finger with a hammer."

Miss Connett to E. Plazer: "Read that sentence again."

Plazer: (Paying no attention, but reads the next sentence,) "Thou waggest thy tongue in vain."

We have been thinking:—

That all expect to graduate in some course; probably in the course of time.

That some of the jokes should be printed on tissue paper so Buddy Ayres could see through them.

That you can always tell a Senior, but you can't tell him much.

That the Freshies remind us of trees. Evergreens.

R. McC.: If I should kiss you would you call your parents?

Addie: Well it wouldn't be necessary to kiss the whole family.

Mrs. Wagner to Maurice Wells, who was busy sharpening his pencil and talking as fast as he could: "Are you trying to demonstrate perpetual motion, Maurice?"

The greatest pair of suspenders in Mansfield: G. H. Davis and H. L. Creveling.

Maurice Wells, the great Socialistic Democrat, in one of his speeches is said to have remarked:

Look at the condition of the working man.

The tinner is up the spout; the plumbers are in the gutter.

The paperhangers are up against the wall.

The bakers have to raise the dough.

The shoemakers have to work on their uppers and they get waxed in the end.

The clockmakers are run on tick and are never on time.

The washerwoman is always in soak and she's the only one you see hanging out on the line.

When all my thinks in vain are thunk,

When all my winks are wunk,

What saves me from an awful flunk?

My pony!

Miss Aberly in General History: Call on some of these girls. Harold Pfeiffer, recite.

Efflo: Please, teacher, let me be a witch—please! In seventh hour Senior English Class.

Miss Patterson: How did Milton happen to write Paradise Regained?

J. Warner: One of his daughters died.

Mr. Davis: (speaking on foot-ball in the auditorium) "It will be a nice night this afternoon."

Mr. Bauer (In Commercial Law): What is a blank?
The whole class: Arquite Rust.

Why is Rex Small so friendly with Pauline Scott?

Ada Cline: "How do you like the Christmas decorations, Sam? Don't you think Mistletoe over holly is pretty?"

Sam Isaly: "I prefer mistletoe over yew?"

Etta Fox: "What makes your hands so warm, Chauncey?"

Chauncey G: "There's a little spark of Love still burning?"

In Sopomore year we study Cæsar,
And we learn about Tiglah Philesar;
Our studies are all so deep
That they cause much loss of sleep.
Long and earnestly do we toil;
We burn up much midnight oil.
We study 'til we grow quite ill,
Then dad complains about the bill.

—Lucile Richarson, Per?

F. Remy: "What's your favorite drink, Henry?"

H. Moore: "I prefer Beer."

F. Remy: "That's one point on which we agree."

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" John Durbin asked,

Anna Mae Hecht nodded her sweet permission;

So they went to press, and I rather guess

They printed a large edition.

Miss Aberle to Ralph Baer in Physiology: "What is a skeleton?"

Ralph: "A man with his insides out and his outsides off."

Wells in English: "This Government has decided to pension the old age of all the soldiers who died in the war."

A. Ingmand in history giving a report on Morse, and his artistic inclinations, said: "He scratched an old woman on a chair with a pin."

Ward (who put a prob'em on the board): "Now folks, watch the board and I'll go right through it."

Freshman: "What man had no father?"

Senior: "Ioshua, the son of Nun."

Miss Aberle: "What products flourish well in very wet regions, except rice?"

Wade R.: "Ducks."

Miss Jordan (upon entering the room and noticing so many vacant seats): "Oh, look at the pupils that aren't here!"

Bob Atton: "Monday comes to darn soon after Sunday night."

Beer to class: "If 90% of zinc ore is pure, how many pounds of ore is pure in one ton?"

After a lull, Lowell Beard: "7200 pounds."

Miss Schmidt (in American History): "What were Writs of Assistance?"

Roy Craig: "Notes during examination."

R. Upson: "Not an arrow, but a Thorn(e) has pierced me."

Mr. Loyd. in Commercial Law: "All of those who did not hand in their forms, do so tomorrow."

Patton (explaining solid Geometry): "Here, Here! I'm all right yet."

Miss Moore went into the bank to draw her salary, and as she took it from the cashier, a friend said: "What, do you

live on that money?" "No," she replied, "a microbe couldn't live on my salary."

Senior English room. A sudden crash above. Miss Patterson to class: "I wonder if the price of the Annual just fell?"

H. Kent: "No, the bottom fell out of the joke department."

Mr. Beer: "Say, do you know that I was taken for Wilson once?"

Mr. Clark: "That's nothing; a man thought I was Roosevelt."

Mr. Ward: "Piffle, once a fellow stepped up to me and said, 'Holy Moses!' Is that you?"

Miss Ort (forgetting Donison Murray's name): "Wer Heisz Sie."

D. M. (not understanding): "Ach Himmel!"

Miss Connett: "Is there anything you want or need before Exams?"

Henry Haupt: "Yes, brains."

Miss C.: "I wondered what was wrong with your paper yesterday."

Miss Patterson, in English 2nd period class: "What was one of Ben Johnson's comedies—something we don't have in this class?" "The Silent Woman."

Miss Patterson: "What was the chief contribution of Bacon?"

Bob Upson: "Grease!"

Harriet Hale, reading from a special topic on Athenian food, said: "They used eggs for various purposes."

Directed to the class: "They didn't have chickens then, did they?"

Miss Patterson, talking of fat men in English: "What does fat man do when they run up a hill?"

R. Remy: "He takes off his coat and pants."

Mr. Beer: "Clem, what would you see if you turned the X-ray on a dog's lungs?"

C. Balentine: "You would see the seat of his pants."

R. Walker: "The best that I ever made was when I shot the knee caps off of a bumble-bee going 100 miles an hour."

M. M. Price and L. Richardson discussing Christmas vacation:

M. M.: "When does vacation begin?"

L. R.: "Friday before Christmas and lasts 'til New Year's. Let me see. Oh, yes; New Year's is on Jan. 1!"

(This is true.)

You have to pay some people to be good, but the Freshies are good for nothing."

Miss Bowers in Phys. Geography: "Define soil, Walter."

Walter: "Well, I've been on the farm for nineteen years."

Miss Bowers: "I did not ask you your age."

Miss Shires: "Give me the different tenses of the verb lie."

Freshman: "Past, lied; present, lie again. Future, get caught."

Remark from Freshie: "If war was what Sherman said it was what is first year Latin?"

In American History—Miss Schmidt: "The trouble with you people is that you never thought to think."

What kind of game do you usually hunt, Chauncey?

Chauncey: "Usually Fox."

Scientists say that perpetual motion will never be discovered. As yet, however, they have never visited M. H. S.

Why is M. H. S. like an ice cream freezer? They both have cranks.

Mr. Davis may look like a bear,

To a frazzle the rough-necks may;

But get him alone, score!

He is good to the bone.

All the Profs. he has whitewashed, for fair.

The Annual Staff wishes to express its appreciation of Mrs. Wagner's kind (?) efforts to keep us quiet during staff meetings.

Alice Prange, translating German: "The numbers on the houses in Germany run up one side of the street and down the other."

Miss Ort, casting her eyes and hands heavenward; "Ach, Himmel! Was sagen sie, Alice?"

While the class was reading out of the "Im Vaterland," Miss Ort called: "Omit."

Howard Kent in U. S. History: "Union! I said."

Miss Schmidt: "What Union?"

S. Ayers: "Union Laundry; of course."

Davis: What are you cutting?

Beer: A clipping telling of the arrest of a woman who went through her husbands pockets.

Davis: What are you going to do with it?

Beer: Put it in my pocket.

J. Feeney in Latin class: "The man flew away."

Henry Haupt, paying up for Junior Party: "Say, Beamie, don't I get discount for cash?"

Mr. Davis in auditorium: It's going to be a pretty night this afternoon.

Mrs. Helter: Ruth, how long did you stand on the porch with John, last night?

Ruth: Only for a second.

Mrs. H.: I am sure I heard the third or fourth.

Feb. 29, 1917 THE KRAZY KUT-UP Prize, 1 Jitney
Intelligent, Intellectual, Interesting. Editor I. M. Hard-up

MUSIC NOTES

The M. H. S. musical club know as the vocalists made their first public appearance last night. The audience seemed glad when they made their disappearance.

Here is the program.

Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here.....Harriet Hale
The Town Bells..... Erma Bell
I'm a little Sunbeam.....Frances Beam
Listen to the Mocking BirdMary Byrd
Good Night, LadiesChorus

Paul Thomas will play his latest composition entitled: "Sobs of a Sick Saxophone," at the May Festival.

Wilbur Wierman will render a wierd selection called "Tunes from a Tuneless Trombone." *Come and hear them.*

NEWSY NEWSLETS

Miss Padget lost her temper today. She has not *found it yet.*

Doyle Parsons took Miriam Krohn to Holds last night for a treat. It was a *Dutch* treat.

Unconfirmed reports say that Abe Hawk smoked cigarettes in his youth. That is why his *growth was stunted.*

Glen Bierly is in love *with himself.*

It is alleged that F. Beam has purchased a Ukelele for seranading purposes. Helen Race has *our heartfelt smpathy.*

Majorie Yingling beautiful and talented star of the "Flirtations of Flora" will be featured in a new production called "Victims of a *Vivacious Vampire.*"

CORRESPONDENTS CORNER.

Do you think a girl should have a chaperon when she goes out?

Bab Bushnell—What a girl wants is a chap of her own not a *chaperon.*

Should I look up the history of my family tree?
Maurice Wells—Be careful, for you might find some lemons and prunes on it.

What shall I take as my motto in life?

Edgar Wycoff—B² (Be square)

Where can I get some of Plazer's cartoons?

L. Bergstrom—In all the best magazines such as Ladies' World, Vanity Fair, Literary Digest, Etc.

TESTED RECIPES

SLUSH SALAD

Place one nut beside a peach in a porch swing. Cover with soft sauce and flavor with the Essence of Love. Serve while *very slushly*.

CHICKEN COQUETTES

Take a young chicken and make a mash. Stuff with pep and ginger. Fry in piffle. Serve with a date.

PUNK POETRY

Percy is a sissy boy,
His mama's pride and jop,
He never carries matches,
Or chews, or smokes, or drinks,
But he dresses all in satches
And don't know how to wink.
He yielded to temptation
Her pretty red lips to kiss
It made her very angry,
And she slapped him on the wrist.
I no longer admire girls
At their lovely charms I scoff
For I'd like to find a girl
Whose complexion doesn't come off.

I love you pretty girlie
I admire your teeth so pearly
But I know your teeth are false
For they rattle when you waltz.
She sat upon his knee,
His arm was where it ought to be
But he withdrew his arm in haste
For a pin was in her waist.

LOST AND FOUND

Lost: A genuine Woolworth diamond. Return to a heart broken senior girl.

Lost: An aesthetic sense. A soph.

Lost, Strayed or stolen: A Ford. Answers to the name of Kathryn. Tom Ford.

M. H. S. BEST SELLERS

M. H. S. is the resort of some very talented authors. Some of their latest productions are listed below:

Vogue a la Mode.....Elsie Cowmeadow
Uses and Uselessness of Latin.....Charles Sword
Artist's GuideEfflo Plazer
The Art of BluffingHenry Moore
The Ideals of IchabodCarl Ulich

Ward in Geometry explaining the circle: "Imagine we had a round doughnut just so long."

Clark: "Does Formaldihyde?"

A. Ropp: "No but milk can."

Ward: "You can nearly always tell whether you are right by looking at me."

G. Atton: "Not always, sometimes you look blank."

Mr. Ward in Geometry:

"You may use both sides of the paper in this test. There is a great scarcity of paper and we must save all we can"

Harold Pfiefer: "Why not save by stopping the manufacture of school books.

THE ANNUAL WAFUFUS

VOL. 1.

PRICE, \$.00001

Number 1

The Red & White Co.....	Publishers
Woodrow Wilson.....	President
Theo. Roosevelt.....	Vice President
W. J. Bryan.....	Manager
Kaiser Wilhelm.....	Editor
Czar Nicholas.....	Adv. Mgr.
Happy Hooligan.....	Subscription Mgr.

EDITORIAL

This being the WAFUFUS' first appearance the Editor wishes to express his sincerest sympathy and regrets. The WAFUFUS is a paper with a great purpose and noble aim, namely, well, er—er, that is to say, well anyhow we have a great purpose. Just give a look at the staff of officers who control the WAFUFUS. Should not any paper be proud of such a noble bunch of officers? You bet we are!

SOCIETY SECTION

Extra Special!—Thomas O'Donnell had a date one evening in January. This blooming debutante's entry into society is welcomed by all.

Robert N. Campbell, our beauty editor, states that when in Marion, Ohio, he had a date. He is survived by his parents and two sisters.

Moore-Beer parties are quite popular with Mr. Davis.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Do not shave with the family carving knife.
Dynamite is a poor substitute for baking powder in biscuits.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

(Special Dispatch from Study 11 by leased wire)

MRS. WAGNER SAID TO HAVE CRACKED A SMILE!

Our special correspondent in Study 11 states that he has

it on good authority that Mrs. Wagner recently cracked a smile. The tool used is not known, but it was probably a sledge-hammer or a nut-cracker. The sound of the crack was heard for a distance of two feet. This comes as sad news to most of her friends, as the available stock of uncracked smiles is now almost exhausted. Miss Schmidt, it is stated, will use the damaged smiles.

LOCAL ITEMS

Fine weather we're having.

Paul Maxwell was fined for speeding.

Arba Hawk and Miss Margaret Kramer are in thick, though neither is thick.

The Charge of the Light Brigade was only 10c—at the Royal.

SPORT SECTION

Paul DeWitt and John Feeny engaged in a fistic contest for the paperweight title in February. Feeny retired with a smoky lamp.

Promoter Patton will stage a bout between Gunboat Hawk and Steamboat Kalbfleisch, the German wonder, soon.

Paul Stoodt and Arthur Pealer state that the "Rifle" Club will hold its weekly pea pool shoot at Stecker's this week.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Wanted—A date. Robert Campbell.

Exchange—I will exchange several gallons of hot air and lessons in firstclass cussing for six inches of more growth.

G. Kalbfleisch, Buhl Apartments.

Call 192 for firstclass taxi service to Hotel de Jail on South Walnut Street. (American plan.)

C. Gilkinson, beauty doctor. Office hours: 3:00 A. M. to 3:01 A. M.

Information about any person in High School will be cheerfully furnished at any price.

Paul Sowash.

M. H. S. THEATRE NEWS

218 W. Fourth St. A. E. Ingman, Lessee & Mgr.
L. A. Tinkey, Business Manager.

Morning Performance, 8:30. Matinee, 1:00.

Office open from 8:00 A. M. to 3:00 P. M.

First three rows in auditorium reserved for *Seniors only*. Complaints please be made to G. Davis. Lost articles may be found at box office.

Coming Attractions!

A partial list of the Brilliant Offerings which Manager Tinkle will offer for your approval in the near future:—

Next Week

Peg Merkle in the play, "Along the Bridal Path,"

Starring Henry Moore and Mabel Beer.

"The Four Entertainers," by The Male Quartet.

"War Brides." starring Barbara Bushnell.

Artis Heichel, leading role in "Whoso Findeth a Wife."

"After the Ball," featuring Robert Hancock.

Dowling's Hair Shop, Helen *Dowling*, Prop.

An improved appearance will be at once recognized by ladies with scanty hair by wearing my new transformation, which is equal to a new growth of hair.

Visit Warner's Inn after the play, with cabaret that entertains and pleases you.

ENDLY—The new car just out. Twin six. Here is a picture of the car.

Famous stars appearing in this play-house:

Helen Race,	Herman Brunk,
Elverda Guenther,	Robert Campbell,
Paul Stoodt,	Efflo Plazer,
Morris Rice,	Lois Jesson.

MUSIC PROGRAM — Merl Hammett, Director.

Proceeding the play, "Where Did You Get That Girl?"

Between 1st and 2nd act—"Mansfield Will Shine Tonight."

Between 2nd and 3rd acts—"Ah, Isn't It a Shame!"

Exit March—"Dear Old Mansfield."

QUESTION BOX

Dear Editor: For how many years has Arthur Pealer been playing the part of a poker crook?

Editor: How long has Margaret Thorne been trying to star in the Movies?

Sir: How old is Corrine Douglass and when was she married?

Editor: When did Sterling Ayers lose his voice, and is he able to talk yet?

Sir: Is Ida Kegg still with the movies, or has she joined a vaudeville troupe?

Dear Editor: Is the new film featuring Roy Lindsey in "Daddy Long Legs," finished yet?

Come to Scott's Millinery Shop. Latest Styles.

Pauline Scott, Mgr.

Isaly. Isaly.

Delicious Ice Cream Bricks. We deliver.

Ulich Savings and Trust Co.

It is not necessary to call to open an account.

12% Interest.

Send for our free booklet, "Banking by Mail."

THE PRETZEL SHOP—Cor. Bowman & 4th St.

Prop., Paul Snyder.

For Sale—One pew in the Amen corner. Same may be had from Howard Kent.

DEMERITS.

Demerits! Demerits!! Demerits!!!
They are coming thick and fast.
You get them for merely whispering
Or even disturbing the class.
Demerits!

Yes, and if you send a Special,
To a friend down a seat or two,
There's a terrible black mark down
Now mind, just even for saying 'Ker Choo'
Demerits!

Now don't sit with your feet in the aisle
Or wear a most beaming smile,
For indications are for a good time
And that makes the fifth mark on file.
Demerits!

Nor, if your pencil you should drop,
Don't harbor the thought of picking it up.
For sure as fate———
You'll drop it again—and then—
Demerits!

Now, if you think it any fun,
To sit in class and keep so mum,
With demerits off for every pine.
We'll give you a trial if you'll just come.
Demerits!

Bye '17

Davis returning from an important lecture he had given.
On entering his room he heard a noise under his bed.

"Who's under there" he said

"Nobody", came the answer.

"That's strange", he replied, "I am almost sure I heard
someone."



" If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak "

KODAKS, Brownies, Premos and Graflex CAMERAS

are all "Eastman," The original line of daylight load-
ing Cameras. There is a complete stock of these Came-
ras right in Mansfield where you get FREE instruc-
tions in the use of them by competent experts in Photo-
graphy. We keep you on the right track in picture
taking.

THE BURKHOLDER STUDIO

(OVER McCLELLAND'S GROCERY)



ADVERTISEMENTS

Wanted. A husband—Miss Padgett.
Wanted. A wife—Patton.
Wanted. Brains.—Freshman Class.
Wanted. Manners.—Sophomore Class.
Wanted. Diploma.—Bob Atton.
Wanted. A girl to tease.—Red Ulich.
Wanted. Someone to furnish paper and tobacco.—
Oscar W.
Wanted. A husband. Send photograph and reference.—A Guenther.
Wanted. A larger hat.—Paul Stoodt.
Wanted. Sleep.—E. Ozier.
Wanted by Walker. A wife to call me “dearie.”
Wanted. A case.—Wycoff, Attorney-at-Law.
Wanted. Everyone to know I am a specialist in the art of cuspidor cleaning. Both phones 716—
B. Ayers.
Wanted. A job as night watchman for some girl. Needn't be good-looking. Reference; the girl I tried to go with.—Kalbfleisch.
Wanted. A little fresh air in Study 2.
Wanted. To know by Athletic Association how to run a business without money.
Wanted by Miss Aberle. More time to rave.

Wanted by Miss Padgett. To impersonate Mrs. Wagner.
Wanted by R. Upson. A different name than coal baron.
Lost. A good reputation as debater and windjammer in Evolution debate. Finder please return to D. Parsons.
Strayed. E. Wycoff's ambition to become a preacher.
Stolen. My key to work Higher Algebra problems by a crooked Senior.—H. Patton.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I wish to state I have changed my study from 1 to 2. Henry please take notice.—M. Beer.
Ladies, Attention! I am marriageable; young, intellectual beyond the average. Desires open correspondence with serious minded young woman.—
P. DeWitt.
Fry and Endly, Matrimonial Specialists and Match-makers. Office hours: 1 'til won.
To Let. Two spacious rooms in my upper story.—
J. Feeny.
Money to Loan. Obtained by grafting the Athletic Association.—E. Plazer.

BEST SELLERS

1917 JOKE BOOK,
Noah's Ark Edition.
(By Ed. Wycoff.)
\$.12.

LATIN
(By E. Plazer)
This subject is treated by one who
knows nothing of it so that profan-
ity is eliminated.
\$.8.00.

HOT SKETCHES.
(By A. V. Hawk)
Chapters on H. Kent, Russell Har-
tenfels and Arquette Rust.
\$.94

THE SOCIAL WHIRL.
(By Marian Warner)
\$.45

GUM.
(By F. Sullivan)
The author discusses all the
brands and their values.
\$.04.

SLEEP.
(By K. Manner)
A popular subject treated by one
who knows. \$.98.

WHO PAYS?
(By A. B. Pealer)
This subject is treated by an ab-
solutely neutral author.
\$.91.

DATES.
(By Thomas O'Donnell)
An important subject discussed
in theory. \$.24.
THE MAN HIGHER UP.
(By A. Erdenberger)
Dealing with R. Lindsley, Hen
Moore and Abe Hawk.
\$.001.

PROHIBITION.
(By Hen Moore)
The author argues in favor of
Beer. \$.06.

FELLOWS.
(By H. Dowling)
The author is well "Red" on this
subject. \$.04.

GOOD LOOKS AND BIG FEET.
(By R. N. Campbell)
At all booksellers. \$.21

FRUIT.
(By L. Bergstrom)
Special attention given to dates,
pears and lemons. At all Rath-
skellers. \$.24.

HOW TO RUN A BASKET BALL
TEAM.
(By R. A. Atton)
Chapters on Wind and Hot Air
especially useless. \$.02.

HENRY.
(By Tom Ford)
A Eulogy on his honored name-
sake. \$.21.

BOOBYHATCH OF OMAR
KHAYMAN.
(By Carl Schafer)
Very interesting. \$.98.

JERUSALEM JINKLES.
(By Heine Haupt)
\$.98, marked down from \$1.00.

SCARCELY A MAN.
(By G. Kalbfleish)
From personal experience.
In boards, \$.12.

GREAT AMERICANS.
(By R. Upson)
Lives of Maurice Wells, Sterling
Ayers, Connie Gilkinson and Red
King. Only \$.6.29.

INFORMATION.
(By P. Sowash and E. Ozier)
Read this book and you'll hear
things you never knew about your-
self. \$.01.

ANATOMICAL SEPARATION.
(By Peg Kramer)
How to send the heart on one car
and person on the other.
In very soft binding. \$1.00.

HOW I BECAME AN IVORY DOME
(By D. Parsons)
The only living Ivorydome. \$2.49.

THE HANDSOME TENOR.
(By P. Stoodt)
Very mushy. \$.91.

INNOCENCE.
(By Barbara Bushnell)
Author of Crestline, High Speed
and Fellows I Have Met. \$.91.

THE INFORMATION BOOK.
(By Paul Maxwell)
Tells how to forget about money
you borrow. To be broke at the
opportune time. To get things free
and other useful information. \$.25.



BASTIAN BROS. COMPANY

DESIGNERS AND
MANUFACTURERS OF

CLASS EMBLEMS, RINGS, FOBS, ATHLETIC MEDALS,
WEDDING AND COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS,
DANCE ORDERS, PROGRAMS, MENUS,
VISITING CARDS, ETC.

SAMPLES AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED UPON REQUEST.

280 BASTIAN BLDG.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Engravings in this book by
The NORTHERN ENGRAVING CO
College Engravers
 C A N T O N , O H I O

**MANSFIELD PRINTING COMPANY,
MANSFIELD, OHIO.**

MANSFIELD/RICHLAND COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1657 01562 5171